F O R U M

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Two World Fairs

Editorial Foreword

THERE IS STILL another "axis" that must be reckoned with in world affairs this summer. It is the axis of American democracy, the strong line of peace drawn between the two world fairs, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from San Francisco to New York. It is the axis of forty-eight free States that have no customs, no military barriers.

Along that axis this summer travel citizens of every nation. They are the guests of the democracy of the West. We have invited both the friends and the foes of democracy, Tory and proletarian alike. Poets and novelists of fifty-two nations will record their impressions. From China and Japan, from Russia and from Iceland they will brush one another in the throng of sightseers. Kings and queens and crown princes will view the exhibits, together with merchants from Chile and Peru. America offers only good will to a world in arms.

The two fairs are conceived in the spirit of carnival. The glad abandon of a free people has expressed in architecture and in spectacle the playfulness of living and pleasant dreams of things yet to be. Frankly this sport is commercialized, but its emphasis is on a firm belief in progress. In a world of shattered hope, in an America uncertain of herself after seven tortured years of economic jitters, there are still men of energy and faith who refuse to subscribe to an attitude of defeat, who can still visualize a world of tomorrow, a glorious world of peace, beauty, and prosperity in which every citizen will share. The message of these two fairs is to lift our hearts and minds above present problems to faith in our ability to go forward. It is the perennial message of our great poet of democracy: "We but level that lift to pass and continue beyond."

Few who visit the fairs, it is true, will be conscious of their profound significance. They will, however, partake of that spirit of frolic which seems possible today only in democratic nations whose people are united by other motives than hatred and the chorus of conquest.

BARRACKS OR COTTAGES?

FROM THE DAWN of history, human society has gravitated toward two modes: on the one hand human beings yield themselves wholly to government, give up their freedom for insurance against the worry of responsibility; and on the other hand they bind themselves loosely together by contracts that permit the utmost reasonable personal initiative. The German race habitually tends to revert to the former type. It is easier so; force is more easily efficient than intelligence. But the more complicated and vulnerable structure of the

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democracies is the only sure vehicle for invention and generosity, for the practice of truth, goodness, and beauty, and for the evolving development of the human mind that is progress and civilization. Just now the great democracies of Europe are tired with the complexities of modern life and are acquiescing in the reign of Naziism. Another decade, another century, perhaps, democracy will again become resurgent. Meanwhile America arms, ready to strike back if the totalitarian nations trespass upon us.

Such are the times in which here in the United States we celebrate the exuberance of democracy, as expressed by invention and the creations of art, by two simultaneous world fairs instead of one. The fair in the West represents the past and the present; the fair in the East expresses the world of tomorrow.

The San Francisco fair is a projection of the culture of the Pacific, an acknowledgment of the first peopling of our continent from Asia. The element of Oriental mystery and magic is introduced by raising a new island for the fair. Treasure Island appears, dazzling with lights and palaces, where there was no land before. But the element of Oriental despotism is absent. These towers and courtyards, fountains and enchanted gardens, myriad illuminations and athletic women are not the creation of slaves but the lavish abandon of free artists and proud workmen. Here, far from New England, even the traditional American austerity relaxes, and men may gaze freely and openly and unashamed on every form of beauty and through their eyes be relieved of the tortured inhibitions of sex.

Treasure Island is a symbol of the possibilities of democracy, not in the cloudy, temperate climates where it has been habitually fostered but under the unremitting sunlight which we have, from the days of ancient Egypt and of Genghis Khan, associated with slavery and despotism.

The World's Fair in New York points more consistently to the democracy of tomorrow. Trylon and perisphere symbolize the revolt from Euclidian geometry and the possibility that not merely intellectual aristocrats like Einstein but the forgotten man can plan in terms of more than three dimensions and of relativity.

New York is a changed city from that which witnessed on April 30, 1789, the inauguration of George Washington. The buildings are extravagantly higher; machines have supplanted horses; the streets are cleaner but more congested with traffic. On April 30, 2089, it will be a different city again. Trees and hanging gardens and country landscapes will have spread apart the buildings. Traffic will be noiseless, by air and boulevard, exceedingly swift and unimpeded.

150 YEARS

THE MOTIVES that animate the people of New York, however, are practically the same as 150 years ago. And again, when New York celebrates the tercentenary of Washington's inauguration, we trust these principles will remain the same. On the Constitution Mall in the New York World's Fair is a group of statues symbolizing the four freedoms — freedom of religion, freedom of assembly, freedom of press, freedom of speech. No contemptuous utterance of a totalitarian press can disturb the equanimity of these four statues. No dictator, however omnipotent, will ever blot out the 461 words of our bill of rights. Whatever physical changes the future may bring, these principles of personal liberty are etched on each succeeding generation of this democracy.

East meets West this summer with a gay greeting along the axis of the two world fairs, passing each other swiftly in airplane and automobile. Descendants of the warring nations of the Occident and the Orient salute each other with the smile of peace. No bombs are bursting in air. These people and their ancestors have come here to enjoy peace with honor. The implements of science which serve Europe only to multiply destruction are used here to alleviate toil and suffering and provide the leisure for man to create and enjoy the arts that are the flower of civilization. The world's fair of 1893 marked the beginning of a new period of human emancipation which endured until the World War and in the United States until 1929. May the two world fairs of 1939 signal to the world a new birth of democracy and progress.

Henry Goddard Leach

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Why Hate the Jews?

The First of Two Articles on Anti-Semitism Today

***by* STRUTHERS BURT**

PREJUDICE IS a strange thing, a sly and subtle thing. It is something so savage and animal-like and irrational that usually its roots are to be found in the dark, amorphous periods that preceded history.

Rats bring typhus and bubonic plague. The rats of prejudice can still enter where plague rats no longer can. And throughout history the rats of prejudice have killed far more men and women and children than the black plague of the Middle Ages.

It is not clearly recognized as yet that we are witnessing a revolution unlike any revolution ever seen before in the world — an uprising of the dispossessed, the neurotic, the ignorant, and the prejudiced, led by thugs, fanatics, and gunmen, against every class that has so far tried to use intelligence and arbitration, against every truth concerning humanity discovered laboriously through the centuries. In this revolution the aristocrat, the businessman, the farmer, and the workingman will all go down together, as they have in those countries where the revolution has been successful, unless they take steps against it. Whether the leaders of this revolution are conscious of the fact or not, nationalism is a mere temporary tool in their hands, an exciting excuse. The attack — and the totalitarian leaders themselves have stated this so often and clearly that even the most pacific democrats should be aware of it — is world-wide, universal. We are at war not with nations or races but with an ideology, a new religion. Once more the Western world is arrayed against a Mohammed, against an ideology, a religion, whose technique is the adroit use of prejudice and whose end is the blotting out of all we know as civilization.

Now the ordinary prejudices of ordinary human beings are not particularly dangerous so long as they remain individual, local, scattered, and fairly inactive. It is when these individual and human and local and scattered prejudices are gathered together and then broadcast — it is when they are financed, adroitly promoted, channeled, directed, and then exploited for political purposes — that they become deadly.

Watch carefully a prejudice when it begins to grow steadily and you begin to hear repeated again and again the same false stories and same distorted assertions. Then, if you are wise, you, on your part, will begin to question and to think. Somebody may be trying to use you for purposes of his own.

Organized, disciplined, directed prejudice cuts straight across the life of a nation, interfering with all public and private relationships, beclouding all issues, and destroying all previous ideals. Suppose, for example, some political charlatan, seizing on prejudice, forms a bloc of three or four million voters, a "power" bloc which will vote "straight" on the prejudice in question. That will be pretty for the rest of us, won't it? Such a bloc could control our politics and community life utterly.

It has been tried in this country. The Know-Nothing party tried it. The Ku Klux Klan tried it. Huey Long tried it. (And you have not forgotten Prohibition, have you?) So far, such blocs have not succeeded with us for any length of time, but one was strong enough in Germany to put Hitler into power. And the most dangerous feature of prejudice handled as I have been describing it is that it covers up completely the object back of it and diverts the mind from the real danger.

Any group, any minority, which has suffered persecution — and all of them have — should know what I am talking about and combat prejudice whenever it raises its foul head.

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Organized prejudice seizes on the nearest tool handy and, when that has served its purpose, reaches for another. Ten years ago I was in the South and I well remember the lies that were stuffed into every mailbox because of ex-Governor Smith's religion. There is hardly an iota of difference between the utterly fictitious "oath" of the Knights of Columbus and the equally fictitious "Protocols of Zion." The minds that invented both of these were happily occupied, when younger, writing smutty words on washroom walls.

II

In a world that has become so mentally lethargic that any number of Germans and Italians — having been told so — believe that the name "Roosevelt" was originally "Rosenfeld," in a world where the *Völkischer Beobachter* can declare, as it recently did, that the late revered Pope Pius XI in reality was a Jew named Lippman, one never knows where one should begin or when one has to speak gently and simply in words of one syllable. Perhaps, therefore, I should make, before I proceed any further, certain reservations.

To begin with, I am a pure Aryan — whatever that may mean. At all events, I am quite sure that I could pass the most severe of Dr. Goebbels' tests, although, as all ethnologists and anthropologists and biologists have repeatedly stated, the term "Aryan," as it is being used now, means nothing. So far as scientific truth is concerned, the Nazis, who base their racial beliefs on Houston-Stewart Chamberlain's preposterous volume, *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, might just as well have used the telephone book.

In the second place, I am not a Jew lover. But then, when I come to think it over, I am not an English lover either — or a French lover or any other kind of mass lover. I am not even, in that sense, an American lover. On the whole, I prefer bona fide Americans to the natives of any other nation and for obvious reasons, the first one of which is that I am an American myself. Americans speak my language; they have more or less the same expression in their eyes; they have similar problems, sorrows, and delights, not to mention similar prejudices; and they often have the same sense of humor. But I can't imagine loving or even liking all of them or even the majority of them, any more than I can imagine hating or disliking all of them.

By the same token, I am not a mass hater either. I can't imagine hating or baiting an entire nation or an entire sect or any entire class.

As a matter of fact, I have never been quite sure what an "entire" nation or an entire sect or an entire class is — nations, sects, and classes vary so much within themselves. So, if you ask me today what a Jew is — racially, ethnologically — I can't tell you. Do you know? If you do know and can isolate a simon-pure Jew, racially, ethnologically, and present him to any unbiased scientific body, you will at least be famous and receive a medal. The same, of course, will happen if you can isolate a simon-pure Frenchman or Englishman or American. A simon-pure Jew, racially, would be considerably more valuable for the purposes of science — and infinitely rarer — than a lump of radium.

Of all the nonsense now being talked in the world, nothing is so nonsensical as the talk of race.

I know, of course, that scattered throughout the world, are a number of people (but not really so many — only about fifteen million in a total world population of considerably over three billion) who call themselves Jews, but — and not even with the exception of the citizens of Palestine — the fifteen millions do so only in a religious sense, not a national one. Otherwise they are English or Irish or Americans or Poles or whatever else they are permitted to be. I also know — and so does any man or woman who will stop to think — that among these fifteen million people exists every imaginable physical characteristic, just as there exists also every shade of opinion and every species of moral, intellectual, and spiritual trait and capacity. How could it be otherwise with a people who stayed long in Egypt, wandered and intermarried all over Asia Minor, were conquered by the Greeks and Romans, dispersed into every country of western Europe, and incorporated several Tartar tribes? During the early Christian era, when Jews as proselyters were fairly successful and their religion was greatly respected, they converted thousands of Romans — including numbers of the Roman aristocracy — and Gauls and Franks and others.

Despite all laws against intermarriage, few people — not even the Germans (conquered by

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everyone until the time of Bismarck, bedded by every conqueror), not even a member of a royal family — can boast of a greater mixture of blood than the average Jew. Many orthodox Jews would indignantly deny this, but they are as unrealistic as their persecutors. Even the so-called Jewish nose is Hittite and, therefore, strictly non-Jewish. The rabbis, do the best they could, were unable to prevent this acquisition of universal characteristics. The admixture increases and is accelerated, naturally, when you approach the Jewish upper classes, against whose material "success" — a success no greater than the average — so much of anti-Semitism is directed.

All well-to-do and fairly released people become mongrels in the biological sense. The more released they are, the more they become mongrels. "Pure" blood, racially, such as there is of it, is the possession solely of the primitive, the savage, and the isolated. And too much "pure" blood usually results in a population of morons.

There are German Jews, Polish Jews, and Russian Jews and, very distinct from these, Spanish, or Sephardic, Jews. It is the observation of most people that a Spanish Jew is frequently indistinguishable from a Spaniard, and that a German Jew is considerably more like a German, both in appearance and in ideas, than he is like a Spanish Jew.

I, for one, should be willing to bet that, if an American entered a room in which there were twenty educated and well-bred Germans, ten of them Jews, and was asked to pick out instantly the Jews, he would be right in only about 25 per cent of his selections. And I am willing to bet that the same would be true if the situation were reversed and a German were to enter a room in which there were twenty educated and well-bred Americans, of whom ten were Jews.

No, if you wish to make out a case against the Jews you had best base it on some other argument than race, lest you find yourself in direct opposition to the opinion of all recognized scientists and historians and discover that even intelligent nonscientists will pity and perhaps scorn you for your ignorance and prejudice. Coming down to mere observation, who has not seen scores of Jews who do not look in the least as Jews are popularly supposed to look? Who has not encountered numerous other men and women, without a drop of Jewish blood, who nonetheless resemble what are supposed to be Jews?

III

If you say, "I don't like the Jews!" what exactly do you mean?

Nine times out of ten what you have in mind is a confused picture of a thick, agglutinous mass of people too heavily settled in some of our cities and admitted to this country four or five decades ago without proper forethought or preparation for proper assimilation.

But, actually, even the recent Jewish immigrant is very much like the Italian, Swedish, German, Russian, or any other immigrant group of which he is a part. And at least, like the others, he is a man who, though poverty-stricken for centuries, abused and persecuted, has had enough courage to seek a better life for himself and his family. Therefore there is hope for him, if dealt with intelligently.

And what has this struggling, still only partly assimilated immigrant to do with the average educated, far-visioned, and patriotic American Jew? What connection, for example, is there between this struggling bloc and a Cardozo or a Brandeis?

About as much as there is between a General Pershing and a Kentucky mountaineer.

You may not like many of the habits of this alien bloc, its manner of living, or its general appearance, but these objections do not constitute a racial question or even a religious one. Rather they describe a temporary problem that can be solved by proper distribution, by proper education, by proper guidance. Distinctly these are social, economic, class questions — questions of manners, of code, of everything in the world except race. At all events, they cannot be cured by the ignorance of prejudice. That will merely make the problem more acute.

Eighty years ago there was in this country an Irish "problem"; later on, a German "problem"; fairly recently, an Italian "problem." Each of these was resolved not by prejudice but by tolerance and American common sense.

No one, of course, likes rude, aggressive people, made unscrupulous through the necessity of living by their wits, as most bitterly poor people are forced to do. But in what group will you not find such people? Search your mind!

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Have you never met rude, uncouth, aggressive English or French or American or German gentiles? Have you never been cheated by a sharp-dealing New England Yankee or a Frenchman or an Englishman? I have.

So long as the primitive taboo against strangers still holds sway over our minds, any foreign-born group, especially one huddled together in congested slum districts, becomes an object of resentment and suspicion. In Minnesota, there is anti-Swedish feeling. In New England, there is anti-French Canadian feeling, and, in some parts of New England, anti-Irish and anti-Catholic feeling. In Texas and the Southwest, Mexicans are hardly regarded as human beings. In Buffalo, there are "too many" Poles; in Pittsburgh, "too many" southern Slavs. In California, it used to be the Chinese, now it is the Japanese who are regarded as a menace. In Turkey it was the Armenians, and the Armenians are not Jews but Christians. And against these groups, in every instance, exactly the same things are said or were said as are now being said against the Jews.

But I will not labor this point — the absurdity of racial arguments. In the present instance it is important only as an example of one of the prejudices, the most important and sinister one, by which everywhere and in every country demagogues seek to foster their quest for power.

Anti-Semitism propagated by the Nazis was a major plank in the program that swept them into complete control of Germany. To complete their age-long dream of *Deutschland uber Alles*, made clear and amplified and modernized by Hitler in *Mein Kampf*, they are engaged in spreading this virus of hatred throughout the world. *Mein Kampf* is *Deutschland uber Alles* streamlined.

How well they are succeeding with their propaganda may be seen in the fact that there has appeared in the United States, for the first time in our history, a wave of anti-Semitism. And anti-Semitism is not just anti-Jewish prejudice. To combat this medieval and foreign importation, this un-American horror, the greatest intelligence and the most alert patriotism are needed. Whatever we may think of Jews — and I have my fair share of human prejudice and, being of Irish descent, possibly more than my fair share — we are, all of us, I hope, first, last, and all the time Americans.

And so I can come to my final reservation about this subject.

IV

PRIMARILY, I am not interested in the Jewish problem at all (a problem, by the way, which is actually a Christian problem far more than a Jewish one). In fact, it annoys and irritates me, and I harbor an increasing resentment against those who continue to promote it, just as I harbor an increasing distaste for the mental processes of those innocent, if ignorant, Americans who apparently like to be deceived and who will not see where their present course of thought and action is leading.

I am no more interested in the Jews, as such, than I am interested in the Methodists, as such, or the Baptists or the Arabs in New York or any other religious sect or social minority. My private opinion is that eventually the Jews will have to settle their own problems, whatever they may be and that, eventually, led by wise Jews, this they will do. But the fact remains that they cannot settle an essentially Christian problem, which the present one is.

Meanwhile, I don't like the ritual of the scapegoat. It offends my sense of justice, my sense of sportsmanship, and, above all, my inherent Americanism.

In short, my sole purpose in writing this article and the one that is to follow is to defend the United States and the point of view that has made and that makes this country great. It merely happens that the Jews, as has so often been the case in their history, are again the stalking horses for all the ignorance and intolerance spewed up by a sick world. Once again, therefore, tolerant men are forced to use them as a prime example in the age-old fight against intolerance and prejudice.

Like most tolerant Americans, I should like to return to the Arcadian period of Weber and Fields and *Abie's Irish Rose*, when — and it was not so long ago — one did not speak of a Jewish "problem" in this country. What I really love is America, its essence and ideas — many of them conflicting but always in the end ironed out — that have made the United States unique among the nations of the world.

A country is considerably more than the generation that may at any given time inhabit it. It is a set of traditions, a slice of history, a

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hope for the future — or a threat. Dead men and women, millions of them, are part of it, and living men and women, and men and women as yet unborn. And back of all is the country itself: the land, its shape and texture, its smells, and the way it has of altering men and, according to its own pattern, of getting things done. Unless I have been deceived all my life and millions of Americans with me, this is the most generous-looking country in the world.

You can smell tolerance down its fields and open-minded good humor by its rivers.

And it is this body of thought and life, of the quick and the dead, of the past and the present and the future that I am interested in. So I resent fiercely any attack, oblique or otherwise, against this body and I resent the transference of foreign hatreds and intrigues, of European prejudices, across the Atlantic — and, equally, I resent the transference of foreign political methods.

Anti-Semitism, as I have said, is not the same thing as anti-Jewish prejudice, and many scholars have been at pains to point this out. Anti-Jewish prejudice is, on the whole, a fairly human failing, and is based largely on the ancient suspicion of aliens, religious or national. For the most part it is individual and scattered or, at the worst, localized. But *anti-Semitism* is a *weapon*. It may be first employed at the ballot box, but invariably it ends with a sword or a shot gun.

Who are these men who are interested in destroying America? And why are they interested? Who supplies the money for all the subversive, anti-American literature now flowing from many presses?

These are interesting, pregnant, and necessary questions — questions the re-constituted Dies committee should ask if it wishes at long last to prove its usefulness.

Meanwhile, I hope, all Jews and all Christians and, especially, all Jews and Christians who are actual and real Americans will understand what I am trying to say and bear sympathetically with me as a man, passionately devoted to his country, who is attempting to put down on paper, as much for his own satisfaction and sanity as for anyone else's, the conclusion which, after considerable study and observation, he has reached concerning one of the most complex and baffling problems confronting humanity.

Morning

Think not that morning is a trivial thing;
A bowl of it, one shining drop, could make
Some far-flung pulse to stir, a clod be king.
Think not how commonplace it is to wake.

Take not for granted every stave of song
From the renascent thrush; a time will come
When night shall dark your window overlong,
The soul cry out for one bright silver crumb.

John Robert Quinn

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From Teaching to Plumbing with Hardly a Wrench

by **H. A. MILTON**

LAST WEEK I was a college professor. This week, I am glad to say, I am learning to be a plumber. My worries are not over, but they are already fewer. I expect to settle down soon to the calm security of unstopping water closets and connecting shower baths in the town where I have always wanted to live.

It is generally agreed — and I should be the first to defend the view — that it is more intellectual a pursuit to collate the MSS. of Didius than it is to copper a joint, to trace the Persian sources of *Robinson Crusoe* than to locate a block in a drainpipe, to discuss the cereal foods of the early Anglo-Saxons than to discuss the commercial types of cut-out valves; in other words, that it is more intellectual to be a scholar than it is to be a plumber.

To which I reply that it is more practical to be a plumber.

I did not go into plumbing because I was tired of the teaching profession or because it was tired of me. While I am old enough to have a family with its responsibilities, I am young enough to be offered jobs of the lowest rank. In the matter of training for teaching I can pass inspection. I have a Ph.D. from an Eastern university. There is no need to mention which one, but I may say that it confesses that it is the richest and admits that it is the best. My preparation may be described as adequate. My experience is, too. I have taught in colleges for nine years. My subject is one that is included in the term, "humanities," and is therefore part of the traditional college curriculum.

I had a small teaching position at this same anonymous institution until recently, when, in order to try to live on my income, I took a one-year appointment at one of the "ivy" colleges. That year ran out, and I am becoming a plumber.

As I have tried to convince you, the reason is not my personal inadequacy. I am the victim of economic waste in the profession. The number of teachers cannot be regulated as cleverly as the number of printers, for example. While this is true in all academic fields, at the present moment the humanities are suffering from it particularly. The subjects known as the "social sciences" are considered the most practical part of the curriculum of the liberal-arts colleges, and students are flocking into these courses. The enrollment in mathematics and classics and modern languages and philosophy has dwindled. The result is that there is an oversupply of teachers in these fields, and someone has to get left out in the game of musical chairs we play for jobs.

My university is so august that it cannot make any effort to find places for its students unless prospective employers ask for help in filling positions. This dignified attitude means that more and more it is being left out in the cold in the scramble to find work for graduate students. And I am suffering from its pride.

Perhaps my own pride has something to do with it, too.

I have heard of one or two jobs this year, through employment agencies of course, that I might have and indeed should have applied for. One was in Arkansas and was a position with the title of "Professor and Head of the Department" — and a salary of $1,500. The other hadn't even the title. I don't know how many hundred applicants there were for these places but I know that any of the successful candidates for the doctor's degree in my field at my university this year would have been glad to have them, since not one of them has found a job.

I could get a situation in a public school, if

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I were willing to try. But I am not. The school budget of Detroit was cut five million dollars this year, and everyone agreed that it was a legitimate saving. In one State the cotton-textile manufacturers have shown that their employees have a higher average pay than the schoolteachers of the State. When we rail against the heartless corporations, we must remember that there are nearly as many heartless legislatures.

Comparative Luxury

I AM LUCKIER than men who got those few jobs that were open.

Last year, figuring on a basis of class hours, I made about three dollars an hour. But I "worked" only twelve hours a week.

This year I shall earn only a dollar an hour, but I can work forty hours a week. And at that I shall spend less time on my job than I did as a teacher. When the whistle blows, I shall drop my tools and call it a day. While I was a teacher I fell asleep every night over my work and seldom got to bed before two.

Summer vacation? A teacher has to use it for study, has to go to summer school or work in a library or write a book (which he will have to pay to have printed and which will be read by not more than eight people). The academic vacation is fine for the student, but it is no holiday for the faculty.

As a plumber I won't have to keep up appearances. I can be honestly what I am, an artisan with a modest income.

A teacher is a professional man. He has to look prosperous and generous. Unless he has married a rich wife, his respectability is usually a pitiful sham. When you see a well-dressed professor driving his car to work, you can't know that he hasn't two nickels to jingle in his pocket and that he lives on hamburger or its equivalent except when there is company. In public he is supposed to show as brave a front as the butcher or the banker, while in private he cringes at the thought of either. He cannot get a suit that he can wear in the classroom for less than thirty-five dollars.

As a plumber, my work clothes will cost two dollars and a half for a shirt and pants that look better and wear longer than a thirty-five-dollar suit. Of course not all my expenses will be reduced on that scale, but the total saving from not having to give the world a false idea of my standard of living will amount to a not inconsiderable portion of my income.

As a plumber, I can have all the advantages that labor has today. I can join a union and through it protect my job. If I am discharged, I can make things unpleasant for my former employer without feeling that I am losing my dignity. I can have a social-security account for my old age.

As a college teacher I could not join a union without feeling that I was aiding in suppressing freedom of opinion in my profession. I could not get any old-age assistance from the government and only in a few colleges could I get group-rate insurance or annuity.

In other words, I shall be much more secure as a plumber — secure not only in holding my job but also in having something to live on when I can no longer work.

Them Days Are Gone Forever

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I have been talking as though I were to be pitied for losing out in a profession and being reduced to a trade. But I shall find a great many more people who can understand and admire my accomplishments as a plumber than could ever appreciate the books I might have written. I shall get more gratitude from a householder whose kitchen has been flooded than I ever did from a student who was floored by Dante. I shall fit into the present social philosophy far better than a teacher does. We have utilitarian ideals and streamlined techniques today, and plumbing is in closer harmony with these than education can be. I felt that I was "functional" when I was a teacher, but the public wouldn't agree to that.

There was a time not long ago when the teacher was considered a vital, valuable member of society. Those were the days when the idea of free public education was being sold to the people of this country. It was sold to them with the argument that education increased a man's income. That was true when there were few people with school training, but, as the percentage of literates rises, the commercial value of literacy falls.

Just ten years ago, a classmate of mine took a train to New York, marched into a Childs restaurant, and drew his diploma from his pocket. He was given a job as *counterman* immediately!

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Those halcyon days are gone. We are all college graduates now and therefore back at scratch so far as individual advantage goes. The public is now coming to believe that schooling does no one any good, since it cannot guarantee the student more money, as it had promised to do. Therefore, rightly or wrongly, the teacher is considered not a necessary but an ornamental member of society. In times of stress, he can be lopped off without affecting the vital functions.

But the plumber is more than useful; he symbolizes usefulness. He is the high priest in our modern fetishism, for we ward off evil spirits today with sanitation and prophylaxis.

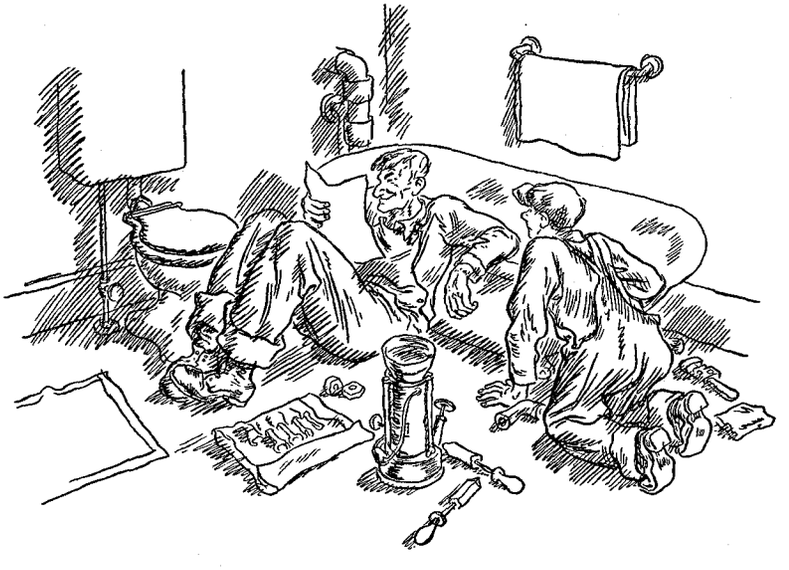
Education is conservative. It is hard to make it look up-to-date and streamlined, although some of our teachers' colleges have been wrestling with the problem. If a school training is to be anything more than an apprenticeship for a trade, it cannot appear practical.

But plumbing is nothing if not practical. It is down to the minute. It is hard to streamline a Latin conjugation, but plumbing fixtures are cut on the lines of the latest type of air transport. Indeed, plumbing has profited more from the skill and ingenuity of the machine age than anything else. The triumph of the twentieth century is the bathroom. It is our contribution to the architecture of the ages. The plumber is the modern equivalent of the engineer of the pyramids or the cathedral builder of the thirteenth century.

It may seem a little specious to argue this, but I do believe that I shall enjoy my books more when they are friends than I did when they were tools. I am very fond of reading Rabelais; I think him one of the great writers, from whose books each rereading distills some new pleasure. But, when I taught Rabelais or Laurence Sterne or Robert Burton, I was too busy reading books about their books to have time to reread the originals. Now, if I want to — and I do — I can read *Tristram Shandy* every year and not feel that I am indulging myself. When I regain my amateur standing, I shall have more time for good books than a professional can have.

Finally, there is the possible disadvantage — the only one that can be imagined — and that is the social disadvantage of being a plumber. But I cannot feel that any friend I may lose in my descent from salary to wages will be irreplaceable. For the most part, my friends will stick. They will feel sorry for me, in spite of anything I can say, but gradually they will come to see that I am pleasanter without the strain of financial worries; for having ends that meet easily relieves the tension on the middle. And, eventually, they will realize the advantage, the privilege, of having a plumber for a friend.

There is one aspect of my case that I should like to investigate further in future. Am I an isolated phenomenon or do I represent a trend — a trend back from white-collared slavery to blue-denimed independence? What is becoming of the others who are forced out of the professions? Are they turning to selling insurance or vacuum cleaners to avoid losing their social status or are they daring to roll up their sleeves and get in where the real opportunities lie?



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ELMER ANDREWS: a Man Arrived

by **CORLEY McDARMENT**

When the United States was recently confronted with the difficult and delicate business of installing new gears in its economic life, the President called in for the task one Elmer Frank Andrews, a calm, steady-eyed work horse with a fine but unheralded public record. Nobody wanted it — this job as high administrator of the newly enacted wage-and-hour law. Experts had called the job "impossible."

This was not the first so-called "impossible" job Andrews ever had. During the World War he had learned to fly airplanes, and this was only a few years after a famous scientist had definitely proved that man could never fly.

In order to get a fair appraisal of Elmer "Wage and Hour" Andrews, as he is called in official circles, it is necessary to say a word about the job he took and its background.

The nation was groaning. It was ill of an ancient malady — a malady that was old when Egypt was young. It was an economic stomachache, caused, so they say, by the virus of low wages and long hours.

For its relief, the country adopted the ancient and obvious remedy. It passed a law to raise wages and shorten hours of work. History shows that this remedy has never worked very well, and its adoption has usually presaged the fall of representative government, but somehow hope springs eternal in the human breast.

The difficulty with this remedy lies in the fact that such things as human feelings, ambitions, efforts, and modes of living must be measured in terms of money. In a large country like the United States, with its unequal climate, its diversified occupations and even more diversified groups of people, the job of fixing hours and wages to the satisfaction of all is a tremendous task. Mathematicians have claimed that wages in any country must go down instead of up as the number of workers increases (this on the principle that, the more people there are to partake of a pie (the available wage money), the smaller will be each person's share).

Fortunately for the Administrator of the wage-and-hour law, he is not required to prove any formulas or enter the realm of "whys" and "wherefores." Congress laid down certain definite provisions for putting the law into effect (and a few not so definite). Without these provisions, the Administrator would be ready for a padded cell within a week.

For example, when the law was first applied, it was estimated that between fifty and one hundred thousand workers lost their jobs. Attempts were made to put the blame on Administrator Andrews. But he explained that he had no choice in the matter. Congress passed the law. He merely applied it.

On the other hand, when thousands of underpaid workers got raises through the provisions of the law and tried to thank him personally, he explained that he was merely applying the law of the land.

Likewise, when he decided that people could not work overtime, even if they wanted to, without extra pay, he was falling back on the law. Could anyone enter the minds of workers

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and tell whether they were being coerced into working overtime or not? No — stick close to the law. Congress made it. He would enforce it.

Urged to Go Easy

It is the impersonal attitude of Elmer Andrews that makes him so well fitted for his "impossible" job. He can sit back, cool as a cucumber, while a roomful of men paw the air in violent talk; and, when they are worn down, he will say: "All right, gentlemen; let's get back to the principle of the law."

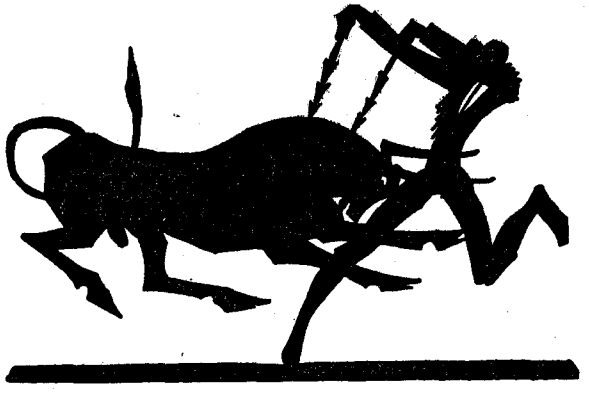
One reason why Andrews permits other people to do most of the talking has been expressed by himself: "You know we always have to be careful about what we mean when we use words."

A lot of people have tried to tell Andrews how to run his job, but he gave a broad estimate of how he intended to conduct it in a radio talk on September 26, 1938.

> It is our intention to administer this law so that it will benefit every possible employer and every possible worker. I have been urged from time to time — and probably will be again — to go easy on this crowd or to overlook that practice. Fortunately, we have no discretion in the matter. Congress furnished us with the ingredients, and we are setting out to prepare and serve a dish which will nourish the country and its people.

If Elmer Andrews succeeds in his intentions, he will become the biggest man in the country. Even if he succeeds only partially, he will be a big man.

Despite his calm exterior, Andrews has very decided opinions on economic and sociological principles. He is a strong believer in "just" wages and proper working conditions. He believes that unequal wages cause most economic hardships. He is an implacable foe of sweatshops, which he calls the "dark corners" of our industrial life.



Yet he is not vindictive against employers as a class. His experiences as an engineer, builder, insurance adjuster and in other jobs gave him a broad view of the whole complex system known as the industrial life. He has seen wages and working conditions at their best and at their worst.

If Andrews leans toward either the left or the right, he probably doesn't know it — nor does anybody else. He has been too busy to figure it out himself. Nobody can doubt that he is a loyal friend of the worker. Still, nobody can accuse him of being an enemy of employers. No official of the New Deal has shown a more lenient or more friendly spirit toward employers than Elmer Andrews. He publicly announced that he did not intend to prosecute employers for honest mistakes nor impose penalties on those who showed the spirit of co-operation.

If anybody can make a wage-and-hour law work in the United States, he can. He saw the effects of a "crack-down" policy in the old NRA. He thinks there has probably been too much unnecessary cracking down and that enemies have been made of potential friends. That he will be compelled to do a certain amount of it himself is obvious, but he has served warning that those who get into trouble get there through no fault of his. Those who want action can have it.

Elmer Andrews knows what it means to struggle and compete in life. He became the breadwinner, or "man," of the family while still in his teens, following the death of his father. He was born on West 13th Street, New York City, in 1891. Life was competitive on 13th Street even then. He got his education during that famous "turn of the century" — truly a most informative period of American life. The first school he attended was Friends Seminary. Later he went to Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, graduating in 1913 as a full-fledged civil engineer, with accent on building.

Like many other graduate engineers, Elmer Andrews' first job was not exactly engineering. He went with the Maryland Casualty Company, where he learned all about compensation insurance. His engineering knowledge came in handy on this job, however, because he could examine a building and tell whether it was about to fall down — useful information to a company writing accident insurance.

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Elmer a 'Steady' Flier

Then came the World War to young Andrews. As if he wanted to learn more about accidents, he joined the army air service.

He was sent to Cornell University as a cadet, for ground training. At Cornell, Andrews learned all about the insides of airplane engines, what made airplanes fly, how the wings were fastened on, how to drill and command men, how to send and receive twenty words a minute in radio code, how to strip and reassemble a machine gun in three minutes flat, and how to "mow 'em down" with that same gun if the occasion demanded.

After knocking the Cornell course for a loop, Cadet Andrews was sent to Souther Field, at Americus, Georgia, to learn to fly. In August, 1918, he had successfully passed all the tests for a pilot's rating, and was commissioned a second lieutenant.

At that time the wild boys were being sent straight to France, while the steadier ones were kept back as instructors. Elmer was steady. Also, he was married. So they sent Lieutenant Elmer Frank Andrews over to Love Field, at Dallas, Texas, to teach the art of flying to youngsters just as green as he had been a few weeks previously.

Young Andrews had no sooner got settled at Love Field when the government decided it needed him in France, after all. Casualties had been 100 per cent in some of the squadrons. In October, they sent him bag and baggage to Mitchell Field, Long Island, to await the next boat to France. After a month of jitters, during which aviators were hauled out of bed in the dead of night, time and again, and headed for the boat, only to be ordered back just as mysteriously, the Armistice came. Exactly one month after the Armistice, Lieutenant Andrews got his discharge. But he retained a commission in the reserve corps.

By getting out of the army early, he got the jump on a lot of other good men who had not yet returned from the war. He had his pick of jobs, and Elmer Andrews was never afterward out of work.

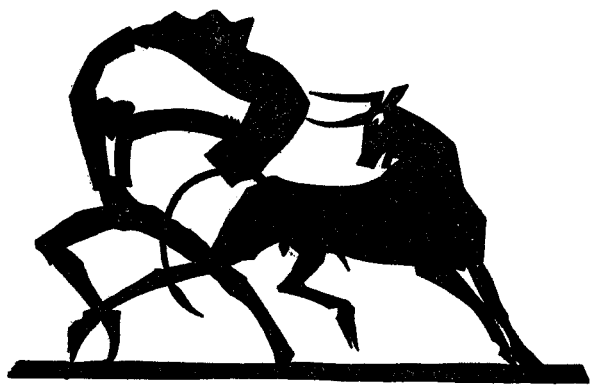
He first went to Cuba and built a railroad. Then he built some sugar factories. He was an engineer in the construction department of the New York Central Railroad. Next he was maintenance engineer for the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, where he became acquainted with automatic-train-control systems. He made a study of these systems all over the United States. Later, he became estimating engineer for the Seaboard Air Line Railway, in Florida. In between, he laid out arterial highways and parkways for the Queensboro Chamber of Commerce.

In 1929, Elmer Andrews was appointed Deputy Industrial Commissioner for New York State, under Miss Frances Perkins. On April 6, 1933, he became the Commissioner, following the appointment of Miss Perkins as United States Secretary of Labor. In 1934, he was appointed chairman of the American delegation of official observers to the International Labor Conference at Geneva.

In the summer of 1938, he was appointed Wage and Hour Administrator for the United States.

One wonders how he managed to crowd so many things into the span of so few years. Needless to say, he has had little time for play. He is a Mason, a Delta Tau Delta, a member of the Congregational Church, the American Legion, and the Society of Professional Engineers. In recent years he has naturally had but little time to devote to any of these organizations.

The big outdoor, direct-contact jobs Elmer Andrews has had in the past make him especially valuable as Wage and Hour Administrator. He knows the value of personal contact — of meeting men and their problems face to face. About six weeks after the new law went into effect, he made a tour around the country, visiting big industrial centers, making talks, and holding conferences with labor officials, employers, and employees. In this way he ironed out enough cases and explained enough about the workings of the law and about his



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policies to save his office force from answering thousands of letters. He also sidetracked a lot of lawsuits by advising hot-headed labor leaders to keep their shirts on for a while.

Flying Did Something to Him

Elmer Andrews learned in flying school something that helped him later, something that stuck in his subconscious mind. He learned to circle a strange field observantly before landing. He afterward learned to do the same thing mentally in surveying administrative problems. Not all of his landings have been "three point" — but whose are?

Flying did something else to Elmer Andrews. It gave him self-confidence. He learned mastery of the air — his destiny within the grip of his own strong hand on the controls — alone in the sky, with the world far below. He was none too sure of himself when he entered the army. Where other young men used the "Very Good" column of their application blanks to describe their various abilities, he did not use this column at all. He ranked himself in the "Good" column only in baseball, tennis, and motorcycling.

Another thing Andrews learned from his flying experiences was the necessity for making prompt, firm decisions. He had known of cadets, unable to make up their minds to land, circling a field until their gas ran out and then cracking up. It is a military precept, whenever a decision should be made, to *make* it. In his job as Wage and Hour Administrator, Andrews has found this motto most convenient. He has found that the quicker a decision can be reached on most problems, even if it is not the best possible one, the quicker matters get adjusted. He has found that important problems of state, like airplanes, cannot be kept up in the air indefinitely.

Mr. Andrews regards himself as the chief settler of disputes involving the wage-and-hour law. There are many kinks in the law which can be straightened out only by Congress or the courts, but he will decide everything within a reasonable scope. He believes in keeping the wheels of the industrial machine turning. If some of the gears will not mesh, he has let it be known that he will get them to working and let Congress or the courts make the permanent adjustments when they get around to it.

Knows How to Pick Help

Andrews does not like to think of himself as a mere executive.

He told a Chicago audience on one of his trouble-shooting trips: "If a man has an office with a desk on which there is a buzzer and if he can press that buzzer and have somebody come dashing in response, then that man is an executive."

But this is exactly what Andrews does in his Washington office.

He enters, in the morning, the private door of his office on the fifth floor of the Labor Building and immediately gives three sharp rings on the buzzer (always three, like Casey Jones on his locomotive whistle).

A secretary dashes in with pad and pencil. "Good morning, Mr. Andrews. Anything special for me this morning?"

The day has begun. If he doesn't have something for the secretary, she has plenty for him. Appointments, conferences, boards — but no dictating of letters. "Wage and Hour" Andrews cannot fool away time dictating letters. He might have to, however, if he did not know how to pick his help. This is where his long experience is valuable. He knows how to choose good workers.

At first he was able to get anybody he wanted. That was when all the other government departments were being nice to Elmer because he had such an impossible job. But, when Elmer began skimming off their cream, they slapped on the lid.

He managed to get his old stand-by from the New York office, Paul Sifton, down with him. Paul is a valuable aide and a good detail man. He knows the Boss as nobody else does.

One good break for Mr. Andrews was in getting Miss Eugenia Pope as his chief secretary. Eugenia, a dark-haired young lady with flashing black eyes and a warm smile, who comes from Evanston, Illinois, is considered one of the best secretaries in Washington, if not in the nation. She was secretary to John D. Biggers, the National Employment Census Administrator, in 1937, and she knows more figures and facts on employment and unemployment than any other woman alive. She is so important herself that she has an aide of her own, Miss Nellie Spink, an efficient little blonde from Michigan. These girls guard the Boss.

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They shunt, switch, and sidetrack as much business as possible away from him and over to the special departments. They are the reasons why he dictates so few letters. They can write letters just as good as his (perhaps even better than his, as they keep in practice), so he lets them do it.

The bulk of Wage and Hour correspondence goes to the specialized departments. Letters concerning policy or interpretation of the law are brought to Andrews by department heads and discussed. He tells them what to say but not how to say it. If the letters they draw up suit him, he will sign them; if not, he may make brief marginal notes for correction.

Hard on Hats

Unless something extra-special comes up, Mr. Andrews tries to get away from his office by six o'clock. He is not the kind of executive who starts things late in the afternoon and holds his help on until all hours. He may work right through the noon hour, sending out for sandwiches, but he tries to knock off for lunch, at least long enough to go to the restaurant in the Labor Building and grab a bite. But, if he misses lunch altogether, it is no calamity. He puts away enough breakfast to run him all day. He learned this on engineering jobs, especially in Cuba, where the noon hour would often find him deep in the jungle.

He is very fond of gingersnaps and bananas. His wife passed the word down to the girls at the office that, if he ever forgot to eat, he was to have them set before him. He can consume them in quantity any time, day or night, calm or storm.

Mr. Andrews likes to wear dark clothes. Browns or dark grays are his favorites. He is also fond of speckled neckties. He is very hard on hats. All engineers are. A new hat doesn't stay new with Andrews very long. A slick, banker-type hat would not look appropriate on the Wage and Hour job anyway. A dude hat might make Andrews lose face with some of the hard-boiled labor organizers who come in to wrestle him.

With all the reputation that Elmer Andrews has for calmness, he is certainly not a sissy or a pushover. He can hit the ceiling when necessary — mostly for psychological reasons. But he can cool quickly. Nobody has ever gone far in the labor business without doing some fancy bluffing at times — and Elmer is at the top in that business.

The hell raisers from the hinterlands who come to town to eat Elmer Andrews up have much of the fight taken out of them before they get to him. As they approach the immense new Labor Building, with its yawning doors, squatting like a huge hippopotamus at 14th and Constitution Avenue, they get a feeling that they are about to be swallowed. Once they are inside and begin wandering through the long, silent corridors, they *know* they are swallowed and they wonder if they may not be digested before they can get out.

A thing that impresses you when telephoning the Wage and Hour Bureau for an appointment is the extreme politeness of the operators, as well as the reception clerks. They say: "We'll be so glad to see you, I'm sure."

This is a polite untruth. You are just additional business, and they already have more business than they know what to do with. But it sounds good. Moreover, they are so friendly when you get there (unless you are trying to put something over) that you are very likely to come away thinking maybe they did mean it after all.

This politeness is a part of Elmer Andrews' stock in trade. Perhaps being a family man has something to do with it. He has three children: William, eighteen; Jean Eleanore, seventeen; and Daphne, fifteen. Everybody knows that growing kids must be taught politeness. If not, they will tear the house down and themselves too. But the Andrews youngsters are well behaved.

Most men have a hobby. Some tinker around in the basement and make things; some collect stamps, first editions, or old glass. Mr. Andrews' hobby is his children. This makes him a very human sort of person and very understanding. In his son William, he relives his own youth. He likes to go with him to football games and to take long walks. This is about the only exercise he gets on the Wage and Hour job.

He has always been fond of reading biographies and detective stories. But on his present job he has not had time for this kind of reading. Besides, he has found that the wage-and-hour law has more mysterious ramifications and leads into more puzzling situations than any detective story he ever read.

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Making and Breaking a Will

by **PAUL W. KEARNEY**

It isn't so simple to draw up a will. But neither is it so very difficult.

The courts set aside the will of Samuel J. Tilden, one of the shrewdest lawyers of his day. In contrast, the famous Stephani will, disposing of $280,000, has never been contested, although it was made in an asylum by a convict who died in the forty-fifth year of a murder sentence!

Surrogates' courts accept many testaments that are thoroughly unconventional.

One such is on file in my home county, scribbled in pencil on a telephone memo pad measuring one by two inches, and it disposed of three parcels of real estate.

In other States, wills have been accepted written on calling cards, wrapping paper, fly leaves of books — all valid because they meet the major requirement, clarity of intent.

Actually, it requires less skill to make a will — and more effort to break one — than any other form of legal contract. Not over 1 per cent of the wills made are set aside by the courts, yet probably 80 per cent of them contain errors which would nullify any other contract. Clearly, the popular impression that "where there's a will, there's a lawsuit" is less than accurate.

Inaccurate also is the idea that a will is vital to a wealthy man but unimportant to the ordinary individual. The facts are just the reverse. A wealthy man's family is usually well able to take care of itself in the immediate future; those who suffer most acutely from an intestacy are generally the survivors of a man of modest means.

Take, for example, a man with a wife and one child.

He dies without making a will, leaving a house worth $6,500 and $850 in a bank.

The widow needs money badly, after the expenses of a long illness and a funeral, yet she can't just go to the bank and draw out that money, as you might suppose — because it isn't hers. She and her husband thought it would be, so they hadn't bothered about a will — the estate was so small. What they didn't know about was the "will" the state has drawn up for every man who dies intestate: i.e., the law disposing of an estate in the absence of a will. Consequently, before she can draw any of that money from the bank she must first take out letters of administration — which require a surety-company bond at an annual premium.

All this means inconvenience, time, and money, so the widow says: "Well, then we'll have to sell the house and go live with Mother." That appears to be a simple enough solution, assuming that there is a ready market for the

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property. But the catch is that she does not own this property, hence cannot sell it. Her share, by law, is merely one third of the income from it; the other two thirds belong to her child. And, since he is a minor, even the child cannot sell it, though he owns it.

Of course, the widow can post more bonds, be appointed the legal guardian of the minor, and then apply to the court for permission to sell the property. But all this rigmarole and distress could have been avoided by a will that might have cost up to twenty-five dollars.

So make a will. It needn't be elaborate or beclouded in legal verbiage.

Calvin Coolidge's will reads: "Not unmindful of my son, John, I give all of my estate both real and personal to my wife, Grace Coolidge, in fee simple." No "bequeaths" or "devises"; no mention of the obvious fact that he is in his "right mind and of disposing memory."

Yet that will is ironclad, just as yours can be if you will but take pains to *specify the disposition of your property so clearly that no court can fail to understand you when you aren't around to offer explanations!*

What They Leave Behind

Not long ago, for instance, a will was accepted for probate which was written in pencil on a grocery bag and said simply: "Everything for Minnie."

The maker had it duly witnessed by two people, then went home and committed suicide; yet there could be no doubt about the clarity of her intentions when the will was made.

In contrast to that, a very elaborate will, executed with extremely expensive legal advice, was recently set aside because it was proved that it did not express the maker's intentions, despite the precise legal wording of the document.

In it, a publisher, on his deathbed, left his business to the executor, who was instructed to give 60 per cent of its profits to the hospital in which the maker was a patient and 40 per cent to those charitable or religious institutions "deemed best" by the executor.

With a few minor bequests, the document appeared innocent enough on the surface, but, when it was contested in the surrogate's court, it took on a very different complexion.

It was proved that the maker, who was declared to have been admitted to the hospital as a pneumonia case, was actually in the advanced stages of pulmonary tuberculosis and a sufferer from diabetes and Bright's disease. Although the hospital records had been altered to show that the patient had "testamentary capacity," experts testified that the original entries showed him to have been running a temperature of 104° and to have been in a comatose condition when the will was signed.

Witnesses admitted that the patient was so weak that his hand had to be held while he wrote his signature — a legal procedure in itself. But the handwriting experts declared that, when a writer's hand is merely being steadied, his handwriting retains its own characteristics; when it is being guided, the writing assumes the characteristics of the guiding hand. In this instance, the signature resembled the penmanship of a hospital attendant more than it did the decedent's.

We needn't concern ourselves here with fraudulent wills, beyond the obvious point that this man would have saved his heirs a lot of needless expense and worry if he had had the good sense to make a will before the last minute. From another viewpoint, the deathbed will is far more susceptible to challenge by disappointed heirs, because, honest though it may be, their chances of proving lack of testamentary capacity are greater in such circumstances. Last-minute wills are also prolific of serious inaccuracies in the identification of real estate, securities, etc.

The well-known "dead hand" is another factor which upsets wills in which the testator endeavors to extend his influence too far beyond the grave. This was the factor which upset the Tilden will, and it is the factor which periodically brings into the newspapers accounts of freak testaments in which the makers specify outlandish requirements.

A recent one is reported from upstate New York, where a fifteen-year-old girl is bequeathed sixty thousand dollars by a granduncle, provided she ceases to live with her parents. Probably any probate court would rule out such a requirement because it is patently "unreasonable, unnatural, and against public policy."

The unforeseen circumstance is another common cause of difficulty; and some years ago one learned lawyer established the maxim that

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every contingency in a will should be tested by the question, "Suppose it doesn't?"

For example, two maiden sisters executed a will in which they disposed of their belongings as desired. A clause was included which provided for the contingency of Ethel's dying first; but, for some inexplicable reason, they failed to apply the "suppose-it-doesn't" test, hence made no provision for the possibility of Mary's dying first. And, unfortunately, it was Mary who first succumbed, throwing the estate into a legal tangle.

Unless you have suffered through the litigation attending a will that has been tied up, you have no idea of the grief and turmoil that goes with it. Perhaps you can get some suggestion of it from the fact that, until recently, in Brooklyn, a principal heir to the two-million-dollar Ebbets estate was living on relief, sick and destitute, with a fortune just beyond her reach in the courts! Such improbable things do occasionally happen.

It is prudent to get your will out at least once a year and review it in the light of current or probable developments. A marriage after the execution of a will voids the will, for example. And, while the birth of a child after the making of a will does not invalidate the document (as many erroneously believe), it will mean the paring down of other legacies to provide the "after born child" with his legal share of the estate.

When elderly people execute wills, the unforeseen contingency often operates in reverse, as it were. Such persons should always include a clause revoking any previous wills, since it often happens that wills made years ago are still in existence somewhere, although forgotten by the principals. You might assume that such an antique would not be likely to crop up. But, when you've seen thirty-six "heirs" suddenly appear with claims of relationship to a friendless fish peddler, who proved to have eighty-three thousand dollars' worth of property, or 537 claimants rally around the half-million-dollar estate of a recluse, you realize that very improbable things can materialize if you leave any stray money around when you die.

The scent of a dead man's estate seems to bring out something of the scavenger in a great many people, who scramble and squabble over the remains like so many buzzards. There is something disturbing in the spectacle of four heirs to a million-dollar estate fighting for four hours over the disposition of a picayune thousand dollars' worth of jewelry. And there is something revolting in hearing a son or daughter offering testimony in open court publicly to proclaim the imbecility of a parent who left them less than they feel worthy of.

How to Make Your Will

Lawyers will tell you that the tendency of a jury is to break a will out of real or fancied sympathy for the contestant. On the other hand, the higher courts have a powerful tendency to let the will stand as written, provided they can agree on the exact meaning of the phraseology.

As has already been said, any man is competent to execute his own will if he so desires; and in an emergency it might be useful to know that in some nineteen different States an intelligible will written, signed, and dated *entirely in your own hand* will be accepted by the courts even though it is not witnessed.

To make that document acceptable anywhere, however, two adult witnesses (in some States, three) are required. And, where witnesses are involved, be scrupulous in observing the letter of the law in your State, since more wills are invalidated by mistakes here than by any other single cause.

Naturally, no blanket will can be written to cover all conceivable circumstances. But, considering the typical case of a man who desires to leave everything to his wife, without any strings or legal entanglements, the following form will suffice:

> Declaring this to be my last will and testament, I, William Blank, of Blankville, give to my wife Anna all my property, real or personal, and appoint said wife as executor without bond and with full power of sale.
>
> May 1, 1939
>
> [Signature].....(Seal)
>
> ATTESTATION CLAUSE
>
> Subscribed, sealed, published, and declared by William Blank, the above-named testator, as his last will in our presence, *who at his request, and in his presence and in the presence of each other* have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto this first day of May, 1939, in the City of Blankville,
>
> [Signature].....(Seal)
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> [Signature].....(Seal)
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> [Signature].....(Seal)

Whether your State requires two or three

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witnesses you can easily determine by a query to the probate court. In any event, do not have the executor of the will sign as a witness. And do not use a legatee as a witness. Neither will be accepted in any State. And it is sometimes compulsory to include addresses of the witnesses.

The word "Seal" can be written in in ink as a precaution, as certain States require it. And the signature should come after the date, not before it.

But the most vital feature, emphasized by the italics, covers the point most often muffed by laymen in the execution of a will. This seems simple enough; yet a very common slip is for somebody other than the maker to "declare" the will; and that is illegal.

For example, suppose you have waited until you reach the hospital before you get scared and decide to make your will. You write it out; the witnesses are summoned; and your wife or daughter or the nurse picks up the paper and says: "This is his will; please sign it." Right there you've nullified it, for the law allows no exception to the rule that the maker of the will himself must make that statement. And don't forget that the witnesses are questioned on that point when the time comes.

The law is also strict about the matter of the witnesses' signing. Not long ago the will of a dying policeman had to be set aside because one of the witnesses signed it out in the hall, out of the maker's "presence."

Witnesses are required to appear in person when the will is filed for probate, and this situation is sometimes complicated by the prior death of one or more of them. For this reason, witnesses younger than the testator are preferable. But a safer precaution is the inclusion of the "attestation clause" under which it is necessary only to prove their signatures, in the event that they cannot be produced in person.

A very common and often serious error in will making is the matter of leaving definite amounts of money to certain legatees.

For instance, when you draw your will you may have twenty thousand dollars to disburse and want the bulk of it to go to your wife and child. However, your sister has been very good to you, so you want to leave her, say, two thousand in cash. If your estate still amounts to twenty thousand or more when you die, a definite legacy to your sister will cause no hardship. But, if, as so often happens, the estate has shrunk substantially, since specific bequests have to be paid first, the shrinkage will come out of your wife and child's share, not out of your sister's.

There have been countless cases where such bequests have eaten up the entire estate and left the principal legatees with nothing. Therefore, the safest wording for such a wish is: "Out of the residue of my estate I give to so-and-so a sum equal to 1/10th of such residue which sum shall not exceed $2,000." This clause fixes the bequest in its proper ratio to the ultimate status of the estate and still establishes a maximum figure.

Another point often overlooked by those whose marital relations have soured is the fact that in most States you can no longer cut off a husband or a wife with nothing. In New York, for example, a spouse can exercise his or her "right of election" in lieu of dower rights under any will executed since 1930, entitling the survivor to one third of the property and a life income on one third of the real estate, provided the total does not exceed 50 per cent of the assets.

But Don't Do It Alone

Of course, the assumption has been that you are executing this will yourself, without benefit of attorney, but the really smart thing to do is to get a lawyer!

Far more impressive than any learned dissertation on this subject is an ironic ditty taken from an old English book of law:

Ye lawyers who live upon litigants fees
And need a good many to live at your ease
Grave or gay, wise or witty, whate'er your degree
Plain stuff or Queen's Counsel, take counsel from me
When a festive occasion your spirit unbends
You should never forget the profession's best friends
So we'll send 'round the wine and a bright bumper fill
To the jolly testator who makes his own will.

So get a lawyer to draw your will. Not any lawyer at random but one thoroughly versed in this specialty. If you don't happen to know one, go to your bank and ask for a card to the bank's attorney.

Only in that way can you make certain that those dear to you will get what you want them to have — and that those other relatives who didn't show up until they heard you were dying will get what they deserve!

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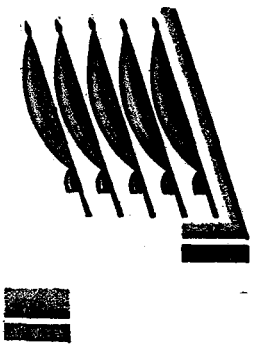
Germany's Bootleg Ring



by **L. F. GITTLER**

FOR SIX YEARS, the Nazis have striven desperately to make their frontiers leakproof. Intensive border controls and drastic laws carrying penalties that include even the headsman's ax have been decreed to keep money from seeping out of the country.

Nevertheless, millions of marks pour steadily into foreign banks through a smooth subterranean channel. Best customers are not the Jews — they are too closely watched and they have little left. The bulk of the booming business comes from Nazi officials planting a stake abroad against a purge or the collapse of the regime, from businessmen who hope to jump the border one day, and from farseeing speculators who expect to buy up Germany during the next inflation, when a few pounds or dollars may again be worth a million marks.

Evasion of the money laws began with amateur smuggling — all the old tricks of scuttling back and forth across borders by night, pasting money under railroad-coach seats, swimming Lake Constance with a fortune strapped in a belt. But the story of our own Prohibition days is being paralleled. The little bootlegger has become insignificant. He has quit or has become a cog in a powerful machine. Handling "black" money is now a highly organized business, run by a ring whose connections reach into high Nazi circles. At its head is a "big shot" who escapes arrest by means which should mystify no American who remembers how and why Al Capone used to sneer at officialdom.

This development was inevitable. Men will always break laws when big money is to be made by it. And they will always minimize the risks by bribery when they can. Finally, it should be obvious that Nazi bureaucrats would surely be no more honest than the government they run with cynical disregard toward private property rights. Existence and apparent immunity of the black-money ring mocks the Nazi boast that German officials are Spartan incorruptibles, devoted servants of the state and Party. Graft was all but unknown in the old Germany. The new Germany is shot through with it.

For the past two years, the black-money ring has been headed by a German who travels on a Scandinavian passport and is called, with a touch of melodrama, simply the Colonel. Reporting to him are a dozen lieutenants. Lower in the hierarchy are the little agents who smell out business and do the actual job of smuggling. Involved are clerks in German banks, clerks in foreign banks with German connections, steamship-line employees, railroad employees, petty officials. Involved also are clerks and secretaries and even the consuls of a dozen foreign nations — just as various legations and consulates in America were a source of liquor supply in our Prohibition days. Finally, Nazis in various ministries and even in the police service take their cut. Bigwigs get substantial bribes; petty officials get a monthly pittance; and the conveyor belt moves steadily forward.

The ring is organized on a big-business scale, dealing in every phase of undercover finance. It transfers abroad fortunes in currency and negotiable securities. The standard fee is surprisingly moderate: 10 per cent — plus a little chiseling on the exchange rate. The ring furnishes wealthy Germans with genuine foreign

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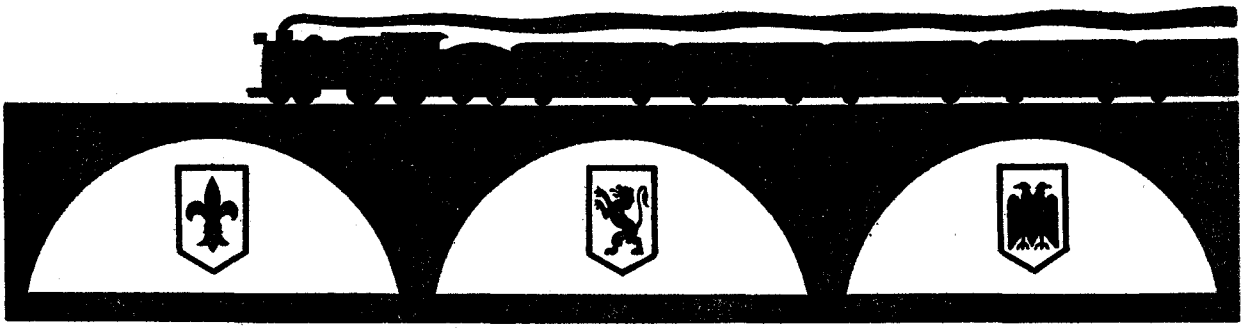
passports. It acts as a smuggling and bribing agency for foreign corporations that want to get assets out of the Reich. It supplies cheap marks to tourist groups, foreign businessmen, and visiting potentates. It has even managed to loot the sacred foreign-exchange vaults of the Reichsbank.

II

IT IS COMPARATIVELY SIMPLE to get in touch with the ring.

Suppose a manufacturer has managed to accumulate some undeclared cash which he wants to invest abroad.

He inquires discreetly among friends and soon hears of an agent.



He calls on him and finds he is no shady manipulator but a solid citizen — a shopkeeper — who is outraged at the suggestion and even threatens to call the police. However, if the manufacturer is well recommended and if he persists, he is sent to "Herr Korlein," who will probably handle the deal. But, when the amount is exceptionally large or the case involves special bribery, the manufacturer is passed on to the Colonel.

At Berlin's fashionable Hotel Adlon bar or the Eden or the noisy Zigeuner Keller, it is not difficult to pick out the Colonel, who sits at a corner table, in a dinner jacket, smoking a cigar.

The manufacturer speaks to him, brings regards from Herr Korlein.

The Colonel asks offhand, "How is Korlein making out?"

"I hear he made a killing backing Schoengruen in the fifth race at St. Cloud yesterday."

The two men know now where they stand.

"Can you handle a hundred thousand?"

"You have it in currency?"

"Yes."

"Go to your apartment. Wait one hour. Korlein will get in touch with you."

Herr Korlein does, indeed, call up. Could they go somewhere for a little wine and a chat? "And, by the way," Korlein adds, "could you bring those pictures we took last week in Potsdam?"

They meet fifteen minutes later in front of a cinema and walk down the street to a sidewalk telephone booth. They both step in.

Korlein places his newspaper on the shelf and dials a number.

The manufacturer slips an envelope inside the newspaper, together with an Amsterdam address.

They go out, walk to the next corner, and cordially say good-by.

There is no receipt given. No details are discussed. Sometimes there is no news of the transaction for months. But the ring is 100-per-cent trustworthy and 99-per-cent successful in delivering cash abroad.

The Colonel never handles money. That is Korlein's job. The Colonel knows whom to bribe, when and where, and how the money is to be moved. Korlein collects the cash and awaits instructions. After he has turned it over in a furtive rendezvous to a man whom he does not know, the rest is organizational routine.

At a state function in Berlin, a guest hands a high police official a certain name and mentions a sum that will be put in the official's safety-deposit box in a Swiss bank. The next day a wealthy Catholic or Jewish prisoner walks out of the Dachau concentration camp, a free man.

In a European state department, an important functionary makes out a passport for a Viennese. He writes in a name and false birthplace, pastes in the German's photo, affixes the official seal. He telephones, and in ten minutes a man calls for the passport and leaves an envelope containing two thousand dollars.

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On a night train to Amsterdam, there is a sealed compartment, with blinds drawn, ostensibly occupied by a Nazi official. German customs and financial inspectors are not allowed to enter such a compartment or question its occupants — if it has any. In that compartment is a fortune in jewelry and currency bound for banks in Amsterdam. The "sealed compartment" is the ring's most frequently used device. It requires, of course, official connivance.

Sedate banking firms are used, too. The banks have ancient smuggling routes that have been used as long as nations have been established — barges plying up and down the Rhine, freight trains, pleasure steamers on Lake Constance, skiers who deliver packets at obscure mountain shelters, peasants whose acreage straddles a border, bourgeois excursionists who take the sightseeing buses to Switzerland that require no passport and are not inspected by frontier guards.

A sensational scandal involved the Reichsbank.

A young German, graduate of an American university, held a minor job in the bank until his marriage to the daughter of an important Nazi official. Thereupon he was made head of the foreign-exchange department. He was in charge of all foreign money sent into the country for payment of goods bought from German industry. His duty was to deposit the foreign funds in the precious reserves and pay marks to industrialists, at the rate of two and a half to the dollar.

But every fourth or fifth dollar he pocketed, paying out marks from funds supplied by the Colonel.

After eight months in his executive position, he decided he needed an advanced banking course at his alma mater. His father-in-law was enthusiastic about the idea and arranged a passport and a three-thousand-dollar draft for his first year abroad.

Two months later, a check-up revealed a half-million-dollar shortage in foreign exchange. Half the profits had gone to the ring and half to the young German.

Every effort to extradite him from the United States proved futile.

Likewise, his successor as head of the Devisenstelle disappeared six months ago with a slice of the foreign reserves; and recently the newest head was arrested on suspicion.

III

THE COLONEL'S ORGANIZATION thrives on crises.

It was significant that a large corps of bank clerks rode into Prague with the first Nazi motorized troops, to take over the banks, freeze the deposits, allow only fifteen-dollar-a-week withdrawals, seize foreign currency. The borders were sealed so that no money should escape.

But the Colonel's men were in Prague, too, and the ring made efficient contact with panicky manufacturers, businessmen, and bankers who wanted to send money out — quick.

Just as astonishing as the Colonel's penetration into Nazi banks is his connection with state departments of various Latin-American and central-European governments. Wealthy Germans who have the price can obtain a legal foreign passport for $1,500.

In some cases, a runner picks up the passport in Budapest or Belgrade and travels on it into Germany. The frontier guard officially stamps the date of entry, and the runner delivers the passport, slipping out of the country himself by an unwatched route.

In other cases, an immigration official of a Latin-American country brings blank passports to Berlin. The Colonel arranges the officially stamped date of entry for these passports. (Citizenship can also be had, but it costs three times as much.) During the September-October war scare last year, several hundred Latin-American passports were bought by Germans. On the Latin-American passport, one can live permanently in Britain, France, or the United States.

The Colonel's ring is active in "black export," smuggling goods abroad so that German businessmen can secretly accumulate foreign-exchange funds. German cameras, typewriters, and even bicycles are cheaper in Switzerland than in Germany.

The sale of marks to foreigners inside Germany is particularly attractive to the ring. It eliminates the necessity of smuggling and can show a 300-per-cent profit. The marks are sold for good English pounds, through tie-ups with travel agencies, to tourists; to foreign embassies, which place the money at the disposal of distinguished visitors; or to foreign buyers, who use them to purchase goods cheaply. Among

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the best customers are Indian princes, who with their retinues are always visiting Berlin and sometimes spend twenty thousand marks in a month.

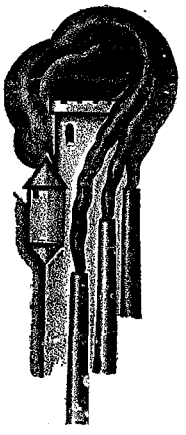
The exorbitant price of jewelry in the Reich has also given the Colonel tremendous returns with little risk.

An agent buys a fine diamond in the Amsterdam market for three thousand marks and brings it to Germany, where it is immediately sold for six thousand. A commission of 10 per cent is then charged to smuggle the diamond abroad to convert it into foreign exchange. Taken back to Amsterdam, the gem is sold to a fellow agent for the equivalent of two thousand marks. In a single month the diamond may go in and out of Germany four times, each time for a profit.

There is a story behind this ready market for valuables.

Germany is in the flush of a boom. Germans feel that war and inflation are just around the corner. Consequently, they are buying up goods, precious stones, watches, expensive clothes — anything that will convert into tangible wealth cash which tomorrow may be worthless. Department stores and expensive shops are jammed. Installment buying, never before popular in Germany, has become a mania. Gold, silver, platinum, furs, precious gems are rare on the open market and sell at triple their value.

The November anti-Semitic riots — which seemingly destroyed large stocks of merchandise — were not as destructive as they looked. Markgraf's, the exclusive diamond shop in Berlin's West End, was systematically rifled of its wares just before the riots. When the sidewalk crowds made a rush to plunder for themselves, they found husky storm troopers swinging from the chandeliers, crashing their heavy boots into showcases already emptied of their gems.



IV

SECRET POLICE have lately been intensifying efforts to smash the ring. But they have to contend with an underground secrecy that challenges their own and with a bribed officialdom. The Gestapo must rely on a hit-and-miss stab-in-the-dark method, with the most primitive sort of terrorism.

I saw one of its raids.

Hunting for Black Bourse operatives, a flying squadron of Mercedes phaetons pulled up suddenly before a Berlin café. Black-uniformed Élite Guards rushed into the foyer, their hands resting on leather revolver holsters.

You could see silent panic on the faces of the fashionable patrons. These people were not guilty of anything. But they knew the dreaded Gestapo. They knew that anything found on their persons — jewelry, sums of money over forty dollars, addresses of relatives or friends — would count as suspicious evidence. Men took out their billfolds and hurriedly got rid of their fifty- and hundred-mark notes — the mere possession of these twenty-five-dollar bills is tantamount to "guilt." They threw them carelessly into corners, handed them to waiters, crumpled them in coffee cups. Address books were torn up and stuffed into trembling mouths. A lucky few managed to get to the rest rooms and throw bracelets, currency, addresses into toilet bowls.

Everyone in the café was taken to headquarters. Half were released in twenty-four hours; the rest were questioned for days, weeks, in the hope that the round-up would yield at least one important figure in the underground finance ring. So far as I know, it did not.

In any event, the ring continues its efficient operation, constantly strengthening its connections and steadily increasing the volume of its business. Proverbial German thoroughness can work on either side of the law.

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The Forum Quiz

This Quiz is designed especially for FORUM readers — to please them but not to measure their intelligence. The questions should not be difficult for the average person. They cover both the light and the serious aspects of politics, science, sports, business, and the arts. Counting 2½ points for each correct answer, Gabriel Heatter, the well-known radio commentator, scored 87½ on this Quiz. A young lawyer scored 65, a Vassar College graduate 72½ (answers on page ix of advertising section).

1. Do you recall which president originated the political axiom, "Walk softly and carry a big stick"?

(*a*) *Andrew Jackson* (*b*) *Theodore Roosevelt*
(*c*) *U. S. Grant* (*d*) *Grover Cleveland*

2. Can you select the one word spelled wrong here?

When she did not answer my first ten letters I was at first righteously indignant, then embarassed and unmanageable. When she did not answer my eleventh letter I broke off correspondence with her.

3. That belligerent chap from the Dept. of Justice who is running the government inquiry into monopoly is:

(*a*) *Thurman Arnold* (*b*) *Martin Dies*
(*c*) *Ben Cohen* (*d*) *Robert Jackson*
(*e*) *David I. Walsh*

4. Hemoglobin may be defined in plain language as:

(*a*) *solid coloring matter of red blood corpuscles*
(*b*) *a glandular secretion regulating the body growth*
(*c*) *the production of white blood cells*

5. This little stanza by Robert Herrick is often quoted by young lovers, old wives, and creaky philosophers. Can you fill in the fourth line?

Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
.....

(*a*) *Like me, with love is sighing*
(*b*) *The Moon and Death defying*
(*c*) *Tomorrow will be dying*

6. If you had never met the gentleman personally but were writing him a letter requesting a new post office or highway bridge, you would correctly begin:

(*a*) *Dear Frank:* (*b*) *Dear Mr. President:*
(*c*) *Excellency:* (*d*) *Hon. F. D. Roosevelt, President:*
(*e*) *Dear Chief:*

7. Well, when Hitler's doings become just too much to endure, Neville Chamberlain can usually relax by:

(*a*) *sculling on the Thames* (*b*) *playing cricket*
(*c*) *sketching* (*d*) *going fishing* (*e*) *drinking ale*

8. Perhaps you recall that well-known actress who has just written her autobiography and who has repeatedly turned down Hollywood offers:

(*a*) *Helen Hayes* (*b*) *Beatrice Lillie*
(*c*) *Tallulah Bankhead* (*d*) *Katherine Cornell*

9. If you were asked to describe the paintings of Georgia O'Keeffe, you might very well say:

(*a*) "*She usually paints flowers and simple subjects with a fine feeling for texture and color.*"
(*b*) "*Her seascapes are vividly realistic.*"
(*c*) "*She is a modern Franz Hals.*"

10. News stories say that Russia has given a royal welcome to our new ambassador there, a career man named:

(*a*) *Norman H. Davis* (*b*) *Jefferson Caffery*
(*c*) *George A. Gordon* (*d*) *Laurence A. Steinhardt*

11. This one is easy. Just select that well-known artist who devotes his superb talents to portraying limp watches, hollow ladies, plates of soup, and fried eggs:

(*a*) *Peggy Bacon* (*b*) *Augustus John* (*c*) *Kuniyoshi*
(*d*) *Salvador Dali* (*e*) *Marie Laurencin*

12. It's a matter of history that the *Monitor* defeated the *Merrimac*, but do you know why that victory was so important to Lincoln and the North?

(*a*) *The* Merrimac *was ramming and sinking the North's biggest warships.*
(*b*) *The* Monitor *was the first ship with torpedoes.*
(*c*) *The* Merrimac *was to lead an attack on N. Y. City.*

13. No doubt about it, the smash hit of the theatrical year is a classic, set to swing, whose name is:

(*a*) *The Beggar's Opera* (*b*) *The Merry Widow*
(*c*) *Banyan Tree* (*d*) *The Pink Lady*
(*e*) *Chu Chin Chow* (*f*) *Mikado*

14. When your six-year-old son, named Claude, Clarence, or Junior asks, "Papa, what is the Cliveden set?" you will properly reply:

(*a*) "*It is an upper-crust group, Claude, reputed to dictate British foreign policy.*"
(*b*) "*Clarence, it is a crowd of M. P.'s who have united to oppose Prime Minister Chamberlain.*"
(*c*) "*It is Winston Churchill's party, Junior. Now please let Papa finish reading Dorothy Dix.*"

15. He is a beer-drinking, saloon-keeping prize fighter with a wallop, but the best opinion among sport critics is that when Two-Ton Tony Galento meets Joe Louis:

(*a*) *Tony will lose but stay the limit.*
(*b*) *Joe will flatten him like a pancake.*
(*c*) *Tony has a fair chance to take the title.*

16. He draws frowsy shopgirls, tramps, working people, and gingerbread houses for many newspapers, and is considered a fine artist by critics. His name is:

(*a*) *Chester Gould* (*b*) *John Groth* (*c*) *John LaGatta*
(*d*) *Denys Wortman* (*e*) *Arthur William Brown*

17. People concerned over the sources of the public's information are interested in what is going on within the Hearst publishing empire. To put it briefly:

(*a*) *Publications and radio stations are being sold.*
(*b*) *Hearst has assumed dictatorial powers.*
(*c*) *Most newspapers are becoming tabloids.*

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18. She once wrote articles about society's stuffed shirts but lately she has been concentrating on writing plays and being a publisher's wife. Her name is:
(*a*) *Blanche Knopf* (*b*) *Dorothy Parker*
(*c*) *Clare Boothe Brokaw* (*d*) *Lillian Hellman*

19. Most military critics agree that the well-organized French army will play a crucial role in the next war. The very able general at the head of it is:
(*a*) *Pétain* (*b*) *Georges* (*c*) *Garchery* (*d*) *Gamelin*

20. Many people do not know that the primary purpose of the Guggenheim Fellowships is to:
(*a*) *give able journalists broader training*
(*b*) *give creative people time free from money worry*
(*c*) *permit the recipients to travel abroad*

21. Don't be too hasty about deciding which of these statements about the helicopter is true:
(*a*) *It blooms just after the azaleas in spring.*
(*b*) *It has usually taken a back seat in aviation*
(*c*) *Navigators use it to reflect the sun.*

22. Naturally, it is one of the country's biggest problems when _____ people are working on the WPA:
(*a*) *10 million* (*b*) *7 million* (*c*) *3 million*

23. Which one of these women's colleges loads a third of its 1,500 students into 32 railway cars each year and takes them on an educational tour of Washington, New York, and other cities?
(*a*) *Slippery Rock Teachers* (*b*) *Vassar*
(*c*) *Harvard* (*d*) *Stephens* (*e*) *Antioch*

24. News reports indicate that the controversy over the Mexican expropriation of American oil lands is now:
(*a*) *near a compromise* (*b*) *not in sight of settlement*
(*c*) *to be handled by an international commission*

25. What witty and poetic lady once wrote her "Autobiography" in four lines of verse?

Oh, both my shoes are shiny new,
And pristine is my hat;
My dress is 1922. . . .
My life is all like that.

(*a*) *Edna St. Vincent Millay* (*b*) *Elinor Wylie*
(*c*) *Dorothy Parker* (*d*) *Frances Frost*

26. As a personal favor, will you fill in the last line of this ballad, still sung a good deal in the Southwest?

There was a young man named Willie the Weeper,
Made his living as a chimney sweeper,
Had the hop habit and had it bad;
. . . . . .

(*a*) *He murdered his mother and shot his dad.*
(*b*) *He took the "stuff" because it made him glad.*
(*c*) *His life was short and his end was sad.*
(*d*) *Listen and I will tell you about a dream he had.*

27. Speaking of the Southwest, any true American should know why the eminent pioneer, Roy Bean, should be remembered:
(*a*) *His legal decisions were more comical than logical.*
(*b*) *He was the sheriff who killed Billy the Kid.*
(*c*) *Carlsbad Cavern was discovered by him.*

28. Are you sure that the word "Sanhedrin" means:
(*a*) *a Near East potentate* (*b*) *a temple of worship*
(*c*) *a council of Jews* (*d*) *a Philistine official*

29. Or what an "antimacassar" was first used for:
(*a*) *to keep hair oil off furniture* (*b*) *to rest the feet*
(*c*) *to hold growing plants* (*d*) *to prevent bundling*

30. An easy one for the men. Which one of these nicknames for professional baseball teams is correct?
(*a*) *Cleveland Indians* (*b*) *Chicago Red Sox*
(*c*) *Boston Tigers* (*d*) *N. Y. Bruins*

31. Do you mind telling us what American inventor was also a painter of outstanding ability?
(*a*) *Edison* (*b*) *Morse* (*c*) *Whitney* (*d*) *Howe*

32. If an elevator operator named Harold were to look you in the eye, and say, "What is the opera, 'Siegfried,' about?" you'd look him right back and say:
(*a*) *"The eternal triangle, Harold. A king's follower goes ga-ga about the queen."*
(*b*) *"Harold, it's just a boy-meets-girl plot, with the action laid in a traveling show."*
(*c*) *"A fat man in furs kills a dragon and makes an honest woman of his sweetie with a magic ring."*

33. The main reason why radio stations are so squeamish over matters of censorship is that:
(*a*) *they must renew their licenses twice a year*
(*b*) *they're afraid of lawsuits by listeners*
(*c*) *the "Mars" scare brought government action*

34. Badminton is played by most everyone nowadays, but few players know that its old name was
(*a*) *fives* (*b*) *battledore and shuttlecock*
(*c*) *blisters* (*d*) *wickets* (*e*) *crumpets*

35. If they met in a locker room, one of these four would find it hard talking shop with the others:
(*a*) *John Henry Lewis* (*b*) *Ellsworth Vines*
(*c*) *Vincent Richards* (*d*) *George Lott*

36. No doubt you've heard the word "misogynist" used but can you explain exactly what it means?
(*a*) *a philosophical skeptic* (*b*) *a religious doubter*
(*c*) *a person who hates everybody* (*d*) *a woman hater*

37. Which one of these august bodies determines whether food and drug advertising is misleading?
(*a*) *Federal Trade Commission* (*b*) *I.C.C.* (*c*) *I.O.U.*
(*d*) *Dept. of Justice* (*e*) *Public Health Service*

38. The customary way a manufacturer pays his advertising agency for its work is to:
(*a*) *let them listen to radio jokes*
(*b*) *give them 15% of the space and time costs*
(*c*) *pay them according to increased sales*

39. Just one of these statements is true:
(*a*) *Headlines are always written by reporters.*
(*b*) *At the North Pole there is only one direction.*
(*c*) *Owen D. Young collects rare violins.*
(*d*) *"Cactus Jack" Garner is a poor man today.*

40. If someone referred to a king as a "figurehead at the helm of the ship of state, which is really run by the powers behind the throne," you'd say he:
(*a*) *had never been in a boat*
(*b*) *must have flunked English 1*
(*c*) *was using a mixed metaphor*
(*d*) *must just have come from a cocktail party*

(*Compiled and edited by* Jo Hubbard Chamberlin)

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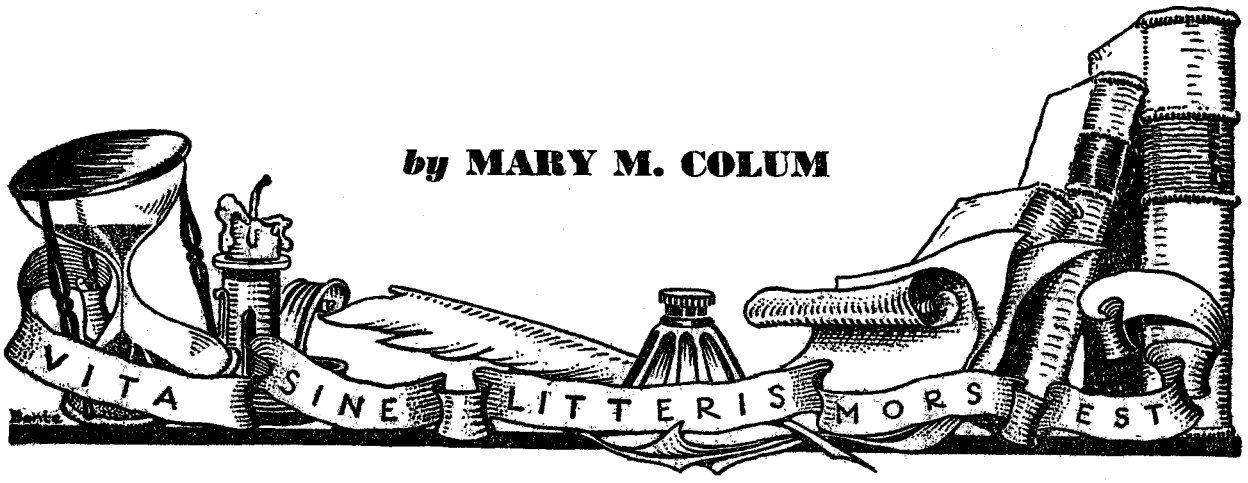
Life and Literature

Men of Dream and Men of Action *

by **MARY M. COLUM**



In the introduction to the complete translation of *Mein Kampf* we are told by the editors:

> It is our profound conviction that as soon as enough people have seen through this book, lived with it until the facts they behold are so startlingly vivid that all else is obscure by comparison, the tide will begin to turn.

This peculiar sentence, I suppose, means that ideas will then be generated strong enough to overthrow the power of Hitler. But, if the reading of this book is expected to have such a remarkable effect, why was a complete translation of it delayed for so long? For it is thirteen or fourteen years since it appeared in Germany.

The general public was told by persons claiming to have read it in the original that *Mein Kampf* was crude, long-winded, badly written, and repetitious. But, considering that the reading public constantly has had launched at it long-winded, crude, and repetitious books, why it should have to be spared Herr Hitler's crudeness and long-windedness is a mystery. If the commentators on the abridged versions had concentrated less on the hysterical portions of the book, the poor literary style, the repetitions and kept the attention of the world fastened on the rest of it, this man's actions and personality might not now be causing the world one shock after another. It is plain from this book that the writer was going to devote his life to avenging Germany's defeat and the after-war humiliation and that he would stop at no point until this was accomplished. It is also plain that the contents of the book are such as would make large masses of his countrymen devote themselves to this end.

From the point of view of experts, the contents of almost every chapter could be looked down on and even mocked at: authorities on history could say that he does not understand history; anthropologists, that his views on race are nonsense; educationalists, that his dictums on education represent the rough-and-ready conclusions of an untrained mind; social scientists could hold his views on government in horror; literary experts could claim that he does not know how to write a paragraph or organize a chapter. But, with all these and more in the way of defects, one can understand why the contents of this book went straight where they were intended to go — to the hearts and minds of the crushed German masses.

Not that Hitler has any more respect for the moving force of the masses than Lenin had. "The majority is not always representative of stupidity but of cowardice," he writes. "The majority can never replace a man." Nevertheless, he was the very man for the masses. A lot of the ideas he puts forth and his expression of them are on the level of the discussions one

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* Editor's Note: — *The recent books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* Mein Kampf, *by Adolph Hitler* (*Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.00*); Letters of T. E. Lawrence, *edited by David Garnett* (*Doubleday, Doran, $5.00*); World Communism, *by F. Borkenau* (*Norton, $3.85*); Albert Einstein: Maker of Universes, *by H. Gordon Garbedian* (*Funk & Wagnalls, $4.00*); Modern Poetry, *by Louis MacNeice* (*Oxford, $3.00*).

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might hear among the intelligentsia of workingmen's clubs. But this is part of the secret of his influence: he has the same ideas as they, held on the same level, but believed in with ferocious intensity; his prejudices are of the same order as those of the ordinary uncultivated man, but held more fanatically and bolstered up by an extensive if undirected reading.

Hitler's great difference from the rest of his fellows is in his extraordinary emotional power. It has been a frequently expressed conviction of mine that strong emotional power is far rarer than strong intellectual power and, as the real conductor of ideas, is an irresistible force. Through this emotional power Hitler has an insight into people's lives; this has helped him to an unsurpassed understanding of his fellow countrymen. In places in *Mein Kampf* he shows himself a man of the warmest sympathies.

The Making of Naziism

Of personal life Hitler seems to have had little except what he had with his parents. In his teens he lost both father and mother. All creatures are touching and pathetic when they are young, and the young Hitler was no exception. The boy who, after burying his mother, packed his few possessions in a suitcase and went to Vienna to look for a job is as touching as other friendless and penniless boys. The boy of twelve who was thrilled by *Wilhelm Tell* and *Lohengrin* is also touching — and here let it be said that one of the qualities that helped in his appeal is his touch of artistry. His youthful dream was to be an artist, and the artistry is clear in many of his reactions. When as a child he took singing lessons in a monastery, he had, as he tells us, "an excellent opportunity of intoxicating myself with the solemn splendor of the magnificent church festivals."

It is significant that at this time, as he recounts, "the position of abbot appeared to me to be the highest ideal attainable." If fate had been a little different, a man of this character might have been an abbot in a monastery. It is said that he made a vow of chastity early, and no inquisition into his career has disclosed that he broke it.

A deciding influence in his life was the reading of a book on the Franco-Prussian War which he found on his father's shelf. This gave him the vision of the resurgent German race. The Austrian boy became a fanatical German nationalist, a fervid believer in the God-given destiny of the German race. A little later he was to regard himself as God's man doing God's work.

Of his life up to the war, he tells us something in a way that is strangely impersonal. In Vienna he earned a living as a handyman, taking any sort of job he could get, including snow shoveling. He knew the cheap or free shelters that were for the homeless, and was fed, like other out-of-works, at a monastery gate. He tells us that he does not know whether he was more shocked by the economic distress of his comrades, by their ethical and moral crudity, or by the low level of their spiritual development. Their struggle was for bare existence, and they had not time or energy left over for the spiritual or for pride in being German. They did not understand why he saved on food to buy books and to go to the opera.

The art of reading, he remarks in a revealing sentence, is to remember the important and forget the unimportant. This is a key to the policy that is written large in *Mein Kampf*. Judging from what is written here, his entire working philosophy might be summed up in the slogan, "Get rid of everything that is of no use to you or to the aims you have in view." In actual practice, Hitler has got rid of every person or thing that might stand in the way of his policy — Jews, scientists, littérateurs, clergymen, treaties. This might even explain the blood purge of 1934, the killing of his friend Roehm, who had helped him to power.

Hitler makes no secret of his conviction that a way to secure the future of the German people, to assure them work and bread, is to acquire territory. "For Germany, the only possibility of carrying out a sound territorial policy was to be found in the acquisition of new soil in Europe proper." His summing up of the causes of the German collapse after the war also enlightens us as to his policy. The debacle was not owing to the loss of the war, he maintains, but to the weakening of German character visible from before the war, to the weakness of German education which glorified knowledge for its own sake, to the lack of emphasis on character training, to the sharp contrast between rich and poor, the spread of

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social diseases, the increase of industrialization. As soon, he says,

> as one renounced gaining new territory, and, instead, entangled oneself in the delusion of a world-wide economic conquest, the end was bound to lead to an industrialization that was limitless as it was detrimental.

A glance at the daily papers will show us that he is carrying out his territorial policy and getting rid of whatever stands in its way. It is said that Mr. Chamberlain never got round to reading *Mein Kampf*. It is a pity that some secretary did not make a précis of it for him.

In parts — do not let us delude ourselves about it — this is a very moving book, and two of the most moving pages relate how, as a patient in a hospital in Pomerania, his eyes blinded by enemy gas, he heard the pastor weepingly tell the wounded that Germany was defeated. Hitler, who had not wept, he tells us, since his mother's death, burst into tears with the rest, stumbled to his cot, and buried his head in the pillow, overwhelmed by the sense of all Germany's vain sacrifice.

It would be a pity if any reader allowed his enmity for this man and his policies to prevent his taking in the lessons of these particular pages. Those around him might believe that the conqueror would be merciful, but Hitler knew better. "Only fools or liars or criminals," he declares, "were able to hope for the mercy of the enemy." He was right; the enemy gave no quarter; the hunger blockade and a number of gentlemen seated at a table in Versailles did their worst: their part in the making of Hitlerism has been decisive.

It is possible, of course, that the future may decide that this would all have happened anyway, that the coming of the totalitarian states was inevitable — the inevitable consequence of governments' refusing to realize that their job was to provide work for everybody and to counter the exploitation of resources and men's toil by the few. The "inexorable revenge" was not only revenge for the collapse of a nation; it was, maybe, the revenge of the forgotten man on a society which cared little whether he lived or died. Anyway, it is the once forgotten men who are the rulers in Germany, in Italy, in Russia. The rule of the gentlemen appears to be ended and, with it, their ethics and their principles.

The Artist as Leader

While Adolph Hitler had it in him to be a minor artist of some kind, a man whose action has altered another piece of the map, T. E. Lawrence, had it in him to be a major artist — would have been a major artist if his emotions had been more humanized and his life less objectified.

Lawrence was what is called an Anglo-Irishman, a somewhat meaningless term in itself but in this case meaning an Irishman, descended from an English family, who throws in his lot with the British Empire. But for circumstances, his fate might not have been very different from that of Sir Roger Casement, whom he strongly resembles and whose life he was anxious to write. And Casement also had a strong touch of artistry.

Perhaps the really forceful figures in the modern world are men of action doubled with the artist. Both Casement and Lawrence were the artist type, drawn by their imaginations to the people they tried to serve. These two — and Hitler and Lenin also — belong to the monastic type of men, monks without a monastery, who are so dominating in the modern world. That tranquil domestic life that in Victorian times was supposed to be the support of public men and the crown of their lives either does not exist at all for them or exists only, as in Lenin's case, in a very impersonal way. Their powerful emotional force, their sweeping imaginations are centered on causes, and they appear to have no feeling about family or descendants.

Of this group T. E. Lawrence is the one who shows himself to have had the most artistic imagination and the one who was most impelled toward being an artist. What prevented him was something that he himself recognized. "I can only wish," he writes in a letter to his mother, "that my mind was more receptive and my emotions more deeply affected." His correspondence was mainly with literary men, with men who especially lived the life of the imagination. In a letter to I. A. Richards, the critic, he has these revealing lines:

> You guessed rightly that the Arabs appealed to my imagination. It is the old, old civilization which has refined itself clear of household gods and half the trappings which ours hastened to assume.

How extraordinary this is, coming from the

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general who was getting ready to lead the forces which were to create independent Arab kingdoms!

Lawrence goes on:

> Whether we are going to win or lose when we do strike I cannot ever persuade myself. The whole thing is such a play, and one cannot put conviction into his day dreams.

This last sentence tells us something strange about these modern leaders; they all give the impression of trying to put over a daydream on a wide-awake world that takes but half-seriously the violent dreamers who are attempting to change its course. Two incidents forced all Hitler's daydreams into a single pattern: the reading of the history of the Franco-Prussian War and the announcement by the hospital chaplain of the defeat of Germany. But Lawrence's daydreams remained unfused, and all his life he had no way of unifying them. Toward the end, he tried to unify them by making himself altogether a man of letters and by devoting himself to the achievement of a distinguished and personal style. But in his unique *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* he felt he had not achieved this; in fact, the sense of lack of achievement runs through his feeling for everything he did.

In the new volume of his letters, edited by David Garnett, unknowingly he has written his autobiography, the autobiography of a complex, frustrated, and divided man who had in almost equal measure a genius for contemplation and a genius for action — a man who lived on a high plane of imagination, courage, and disinterestedness and yet who had something a little shaky and not quite sincere in his personality, the film of insincerity of the nonunified personality. The world, always looking for a hero and looking for one hysterically in our time, tried to make a hero out of Lawrence. Understandingly enough, he avoided being made into such a figure, but his method of dodging this transfiguration was so peculiar that it really makes a problem for a professional psychologist. Why the frequent incognitos, the changes of name, the acceptance of a subaltern position that left him among people whose habits and discourse disgusted his austerity and fastidiousness?

This collection of letters will certainly be a mine for his biographers, for they are the expression of one who could endow casual communications with the essence of personality and who could put into them a self-criticism and an awareness of the situation in which he found himself. He was not, perhaps, a great letter writer; but this volume which makes it possible to trace his later achievements from all his early interests — archeology, crusaders' castles in Syria, Hittite remains, armor and weapons — makes a record of one of the modern world's half-dozen astonishing men.

The Shadow of the Comintern

Another of these men who, cherishing a dream, have overturned a world, is presented to us in *World Communism*, by F. Borkenau, who gives a memorable analysis of Lenin's character, projects, and achievements. *World Communism*, however, is not a book about Lenin: it is about a movement that arose out of the revolution Lenin accomplished — the Comintern or Communist International. For those who really want to understand contemporary world happenings and much that is mysterious in *Mein Kampf*, *World Communism* is an indispensable book.

Here an able historian, once attached to the German Communist Party as an investigator and adviser, now a convert to democracy, unravels for us the complex of events and personalities connected with the revolutionary movements that flared up in different countries — Germany, China, Hungary, Spain, to mention the significant ones. The whole story of the attempts of Russia to set going the international communist movement is an astonishing one; thirty years ago such a record would have seemed to belong to a world of undisciplined romance, in which some ruthless society achieved world domination. No revolutionary movement in history has caused so much fear in other countries as the Russian, and some of the reasons for this fear are illumined for us in *World Communism*.

The Russian Revolution was brought about by an organization of professional revolutionaries, men as devoted and as closely associated as in a monastic order. These revolutionaries were:

> strictly selected, bound to absolute obedience towards the superiors of the organization, ready for any sacrifice, severed from every link with the outside world, classless in the most emphatic sense of the term, knowing neither satisfaction nor moral obligation outside the good of their organization.

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It was revolution for the sake of revolution and existed long before any labor movement in Russia, whereas the modern revolutionary movements in Western countries have practical ends in view and are based on labor organizations. Revolution, apart from practical ends, is not comprehensible to the West, but Lenin never really took this into account:

> Having conquered Russia with his organization of professional revolutionaries, he attempted to transfer the same method to the west. . . . Insoluble conflicts inevitably ensued between those who followed Russian revolutionism in its practical, religious and moral aspects and those who lived by the concepts of the west.

According to Dr. Borkenau, the history of the Communist International, the Comintern, is largely the history of a clash of cultures, ideals, and ideas; and what this clash led to in Hungary, in Germany, in Spain, in China and in Russia herself is the theme of this timely and dramatic history. If I understand Dr. Borkenau aright, it is his judgment that the Russian revolutionaries who tried to make the Comintern function in other countries, prepared the way, by their failure, for Fascism and Naziism: they tried to put over dogmas and methods that could never be accepted outside Russia; they either misunderstood or totally discounted significant Western ideals. Some of them assumed that nationalism was a class creation that could be brushed aside and were astounded to find that the so-called proletariat was as nationalist as any other class. Then, too, the Russian professional revolutionaries developed into bureaucrats; the Western revolutionary movements were against bureaucratic dictation. The insistence that the Comintern should dominate the revolutionary movements everywhere caused division, conflict, and weakness.

Dr. Borkenau concludes that the Comintern has failed in all its undertakings, from China to Spain. But, whether this conclusion pleases or displeases, readers cannot help but be absorbed by the book. It is one of the best pieces of contemporary history that has been put before the public — well-organized, dramatic, vivid, philosophical.

Some of the most extraordinary personalities of these times are figures in this history. The author's clear-cut descriptions of men and women who, at one wing, inaugurated revolutionary movements and, at the other wing, opposed them, are memorable and enlightening. Some of these personalities, like Bela Kun, are weaklings; some of them, like Gregory Dimitrov, are heroic figures.

Over all looms the figure of Lenin, typical of that group of outstanding figures that contemporary history has produced. Unlike T. E. Lawrence, Lenin was a unified personality. His personality was brought into focus by the effect on him, when he was seventeen, of the execution of his elder brother for an attempted assassination of the Czar. From then on, Lenin spent his days in discovering and consolidating forces to destroy Czarism, to bring into being the Russia of the Revolution:

> He followed the path of his resolve slowly, but with iron determination. He soon acquired the conviction that he alone could lead along this path; that all the others were lacking, not so much in insight as in determination and steadiness of purpose.

Romantic Science

As against these revelations of fighting men and revolutionaries, violent daydreamers, it would have been a welcome thing to have had a worthy biography of Einstein; for, intellectually, no more romantic figure exists than the discoverer of relativity. The biography that has just been published (*Albert Einstein: Maker of Universes*, by H. Gordon Garbedian) is a curious production, on a low level of culture; nevertheless it will have many readers, for Einstein, too, is a sort of hero and savior. T. E. Lawrence escaped being set up as such a figure by playing an elaborate game of hide-and-seek. Einstein, with a curious unconsciousness, has allowed himself to be invested with the role. It has not deflected him from his work or prevented the continuation of his abstruse investigations and it has given solace to great numbers of people who want to feel that somewhere in the world there is a savior, a saint, who may be moved to help them in some way.

It is very extraordinary that Albert Einstein should have been picked for such a role, for the vast public knows nothing of him as a "maker of universes," to use Shaw's term for him. Only a minority has the mathematical interest or training necessary to make any entrance into the world where Einstein has won his triumphs; the rest of us are willing to accept the statement that he is one of the eight who have changed our conception of the universe.

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If the execution of his brother gripped the young Lenin's mind and decided his future work, what gripped the mind of the young Einstein was the mystery of light — a mystery that has gripped the minds of so many imaginative men, both poets and scientists. As Milton approached it through images and words, we can believe that Einstein approached it through equations:

> The mystery of light, the radiant energy, which has invested the universe as with an incandescent mantle ever since creation had gripped Einstein's mind. . . . He debated in his mind two contradictory explanations of light.

Now this and many other passages and pages in the book have imagination and clarity, and we can visualize some of them as being read with a sort of enchantment. For, intellectually, H. Gordon Garbedian makes Einstein a wizard, one of the shining intellects that mankind has produced. But, personally, he invests him with a sort of depressing commonness — almost no personality comes over to us. And, when the author writes the life of this wizard as a sort of success story, he makes him a small-town rube.

For sheer vulgarity, the account of Einstein's visit to Lord Haldane and his fright at the appearance of what the author designates as a "uniformed butler" could hardly be surpassed.

Then there is the account of a fantastic examination of Einstein by an unenlightened American official in Berlin, as to Einstein's reasons for wanting a visa for the United States. In this instance Einstein is represented as having "waved aside one particularly silly question with the comment, 'Are you trying to kid me?'"

When the author tries to explain to us the idea of relativity applied to gravitation, he puts before us the case of a girl who weighs 120 pounds on earth but who, transported to a sister planet, weighs 300. His arch comment on this is: "The young lady would simply be another wallflower, we fear, in her Long Island country club set."

It is fair to say, however, that, when the author gets away from Einstein's life and tells us about his contributions to our knowledge of the universe, he can be sensible and enlightening. For example, he can tell us simply:

> A quarter of a century ago, most astronomers were inclined to believe that the universe is infinite in size. It was impossible, they contended, to imagine an end, or an edge, to the cosmos. Since the advent of relativity, however, the concept of curved space has enabled astronomers to swing towards the idea of a finite cosmos and to visualize the universe as a gigantic sphere or globe or cylinder, without boundaries and therefore without edges. . . . One of the most interesting speculations raised by the theory of a finite universe is whether the gigantic spiral nebulae which we perceive at the outmost limits of the cosmos may not, in reality, be rear views of the same star families which we see closer at hand in the opposite direction.

Poetry Diminished

In comparison with these violent dreamers, it is depressing to find that those who have a right to be regarded as the professional men of imagination, the poets, appear to be lacking in daring, reach, and power. For the most part, the modern poets appear to accept this inferior status. Most of the younger poets in English give us the impression that they would rather do anything than speak out of a conviction reached through daring imagination. Hence, perhaps, their adoption of causes they know little about and their experimentalism.

It is doubtful if ever before the function of poetry was put on such a low level as it is by Louis MacNiece in his book, *Modern Poetry:*

> I consider that the poet is a blend of the entertainer and the critic or informer; he is not a legislator, however unacknowledged, nor yet, essentially, a prophet. . . . He is grinding an axe or showing off, telling tales about his enemies, flattering his friends.

If *Modern Poetry* represents the ideas of many young poets today, it would appear that the poets have resigned the leadership that the men of far-reaching imagination — Blake, Shelley, Victor Hugo — assigned to them.

It is instructive to compare the imaginative goals set for themselves by men like Lawrence and Einstein with the goals that Louis MacNeice has before him in the part of his book that he calls his "Case Book of Childhood, Public Schools, Oxford." They are less than mediocre. And yet, if the world did not want poetry, there would be no demand for the sort of book that he has given us. It is a disappointing and pathetic manifesto. Unless there is the rise of a poet or a group of poets who will make this book out of date, we must accept the fact that the poets are dwarfed in their own world by the imaginative men of politics and science.

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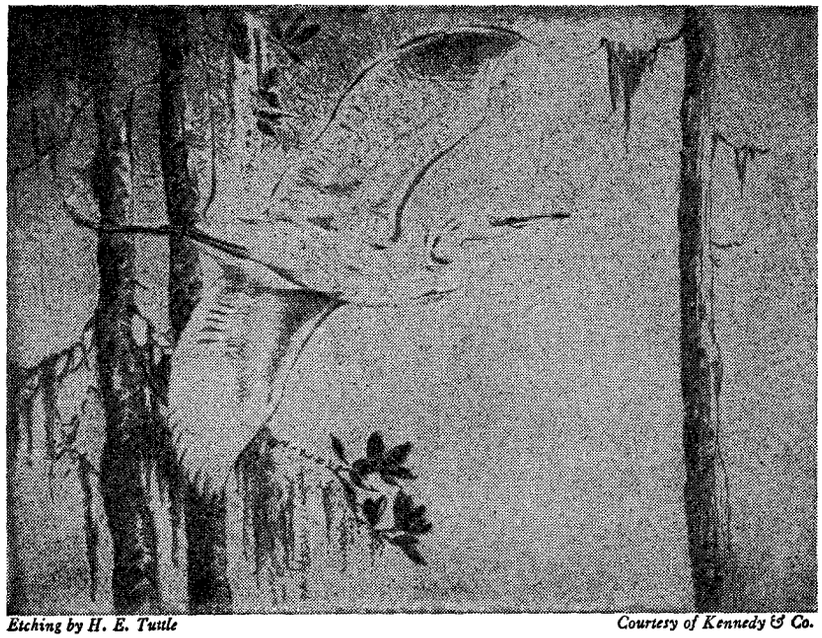
Design for a Naturalist



Etching by H. E. Tuttle *Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.*

***by* WILLIAM BEEBE**

HUMAN BEINGS are doing all they can to change and spoil the face of our planet and its original inhabitants, but beyond the front-line trench of this warfare there is still a great no man's land, a grand realm of earth, sea, and sky, as untouched as when our far distant ancestors first squirmed out upon the dry land and gulped down this strange thing, air.

Many of us on our rolling ball are men, and lots of others are boys, but age has nothing to do with the desire to know and be intimate with the wild things of the globe; and by "wild" I mean crystals, oceans, flowers, insects, fish, birds, animals — as opposed to houses, cities, clothing, white mice, ships, canaries, movies, and machinery.

It is instinctive in many of us to like the out-of-doors and the things we see there, but the reasons for this attraction differ in each human being. A beautiful butterfly may catch and hold the interest of one person, who may become an artist with no especial flair for science; another may learn that if he gathers rare shells or minerals he will be able to sell them — the instinct of no real naturalist but of an embryo financier; still another likes to stalk and kill creatures, whether lizard or bird, rat or rabbit, showing the beginnings of the soldier and the big-game hunter. There is a final group (and the best of all, I am glad to say) which cares for flowers and insects, fish and birds for no material or definite reason but with an obsession which overcomes all obstacles — lack of money; long, tiring hours of study; besides cold and wet, boiling sun and bodily fatigue — all of this for sheer love of the small people clad in scales, feathers, and fur and sharing the earth with us.

Some of these are able to keep up their absorption; they travel, write, teach, carry on new researches all their lives. These are the naturalists, explorers, curators, and scientists. Others must turn to some wholly different activity to earn a living, but back and behind it all the love of mosses or birds or stars continues. These are the happy, hobbyful folk.

Among Englishmen this devotion to the wild life of the world is very common, and an amazing number of British soldiers, sailors, diplomats, and tourists are doing excellent scientific work in their odds and ends of spare time. In India I have seen a major of infantry, a regular martinet when on duty, appear from his tent in late afternoon, in shorts and with bottles and net, and go wildly careering through field and jungle, pursuing and collecting and, ultimately, studying and publishing his discoveries about native moths and butterflies. The late Theodore Roosevelt was an exceedingly busy man in state and political affairs, and yet he ranked as one of our best field

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naturalists. I remember once when he came out of a room where for hours he had been completely absorbed in important political discussions; within two minutes he was equally concentrated on the facts of migration and of animal coloring, ready to praise a reasonable suggestion or to find the least flaw in any argument of mine or to add a convincing example to clinch some thesis of his own.

How Do I Start?

THE MOST DIFFICULT PART of doing anything in the world is summed up in the question which comes to me in so many letters: How do I start? If only people, young and old, would realize that by the time they have gone far enough to ask such a question they have already made an excellent flying start! (Also, no two people in the world should make exactly the same kind of take-off.)

My first suggestion is an astronomical one. The best way to begin at the beginning is to look through the mighty hundred-inch telescope at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California. But, if you live in Montana or Georgia or Maine, this is difficult. As a substitute, find the telescope nearest your home and, by hook or crook, get permission to look through it. Or finally — and, for our purpose, almost as good — borrow or buy a pair of field or opera glasses, no matter how cheap or old. (A delightful fact of science, as opposed to business, is that very often a cheap or an abundant thing is "just as good as" something rare and expensive, because what counts is the eye and brain and intelligent interest which use and are stimulated by it.) So take your opera glasses and go outdoors when the moon is one-quarter, half, or three-quarters illuminated and sit down and watch it for as long as you desire.

This is one of my principal tests for a person who wishes to make continued demands on my time or go with me on an expedition. By the reaction of a human being to the first glimpse of the moon through glasses I can foretell with fair certainty the value of that person in long, hard studies of birds or fish or the probability of deep enthusiasm outlasting the first glamour of exploration in strange places. The psychology of the telescope test is too important to neglect. If, after the first glimpse of the moon, the observer says, "How bright it is; it hurts my eyes," or "Why, it doesn't look at all like green cheese!" then I agree, "No, it doesn't," and very soon the individual is on his or her way home. But, if the reaction is only an absorbed silence or a breathless exclamation, the chances are that the person belongs and is worth time and trouble.

My object in all this is to make us realize that we, too, are living our lives on a similar tiny ball swinging through empty space, a ball of earth and water on which the presence of our race has been, cosmically speaking, a matter of only a few seconds. I want us to watch the moon slide slowly out of the telescopic field and thus to sense how the earth is tearing through time and space, how small and unimportant we are and how short a time we have. Strangely enough, when we take our eyes away from the lens and our minds return to accustomed surroundings, hopes, and desires, the result is to send us back to our particular job keener than ever; to make us more restless in cities, more contented in the country; to engender a renewed resolve to go and do and see all possible of the world before we die. These are healthful things and often lay the foundation of that glorious discontent which results in a naturalist.

There is the risk (or the advantage) about this suggestion of the telescope: that the interest of your mind's eye may never return to earth again and you may be fated to spend your life as an enthusiastic and happy astronomer. In which case you need read no further in this article but turn at once to Jeans and Shapley and, ultimately, to Einstein. On second thought, I beg you to read to the end, for astronomers cannot fail to be better astronomers for knowing something about the little living spheres of earth, such as pollen and eggs, apples and armadillos, the cosmic spaces separating atoms, and the living constellations in the deep sea.

But these paragraphs are more particularly for inevitable naturalists, and my plea for many evenings of ten minutes' concentration on the moon is a very important one. Here is the gist, the vital core, of all my suggestions and advice. It applies, no matter whether you go on to study crystals or flowers, butterflies or birds; no matter whether your interest halts at the most casual of avocations or whether you find the successions of four and twenty hours all too short. I want to urge with all the power

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of my experience that your interest include the crystals of the earth and of the moon, snow crystals forming today and those of granite, shaped a billion years ago; the English sparrow you are watching through your glasses should be linked in your mind with its cousin, the ostrich, racing across the deserts of Africa, never forgetting the ancient ancestor of both these feathered creatures, which was also ours, swimming in primeval seas and making distant but very certain relations of us all.

What Is Still to Be Discovered?

We scientists are like other human beings and much prefer to tell what we know than to admit what we do not. No learned man — scientist, professor, or curator — ever refuses to help a sincere beginner; but I venture to say that, if in every department of knowledge a leading authority would write a thorough article every year on the more general aspects of what is still unknown, where our ignorance is most complete, in what direction the beginning but careful observer could very soon be adding actual knowledge to that already accumulated, he would be more stimulating, more encouraging to prospective naturalists than in any other way.

I can think of nothing more discouraging than this feeling of helplessness, of futility, in the face of the enormous mass of scientific knowledge which has been assembled and published. In one of my recent books I devoted a whole page to an account of our ignorance of the shore fishes of Bermuda, beginning with the statement that the complete life history of not a single species is known. I have had letter after letter saying that this page of admissions brought encouragement to begin to try to fill in some of the great gaps, to go beyond casual, unintelligent collecting and naming.

Many years ago I killed an English sparrow. In itself this was not a notable feat, but to me it was important because it was the first bird I ever shot for my natural-history collection. I had just graduated from the stage of flower pressing and of cork-lined cigar boxes filled with uncertainly pinned insects. I had been given a 22-caliber Flobert rifle and with a diminutive shot cartridge I secured the first bird I saw.

My reason for telling this is because of my reaction. I felt no remorse, for my whole interest was to learn all I could about the bird. It was, to me, only a scientific specimen. But, when I began to go through my bird books and read what I could find about it, I became utterly discouraged. Carl Linnaeus, the great Swedish naturalist, had first named it, 180 years ago, putting it of course in the family of sparrows. He described it from a Swedish specimen, and now we call it "English sparrow," and I shot it in New Jersey. Everything seemed to be known about it — its plumage, nest, eggs, voice, food, enemies — and I remember skinning it, attaching a label, and putting it sadly away in a drawer, feeling that there was nothing further to be learned about it.

But, only nine years ago, an ornithologist examined one of these common birds with a little more care than his fellow scientists had done and to his surprise found that it was not a sparrow or finch at all but actually belonged to the family of weaverbirds, like the brilliant little chaps who build such elaborate nests in various parts of Africa.

While the anatomical reason for this is rather technical and requires dissection, yet there is one piece of evidence, plain to anyone, even the veriest beginner, which should long ago have given a hint of this remarkable discovery. We know that song and chipping and all the other sparrows with which we are familiar build small, open nests on the ground or among the branches of bushes or trees, while English sparrows construct great rounded, covered masses of straw and string, all woven together with the opening on one side, exactly like the African weaverbirds.

Let me give another, more recent, example of profound ignorance, of lack of accurate observation on the part of thousands of eyes.

On a trip to British Guiana in 1924, I made my first notes on what seemed to me to be a wholly new type of flying fish, which, for convenience, I called Silver Torpedoes. On six or eight subsequent voyages I saw hundreds of these creatures and at each sight I became more and more confused. Long ago I learned not to trust too much to the human eye; its capacity for fallibility is unbelievable. For a flying fish, my intelligence demanded a head and tail, and yet in the case of these organisms my eyes showed only two pairs of short fins, so far fore and aft that there was no room for any projecting area.

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Recently, when cruising off the Leeward Islands in the yacht *Antares*, I saw a whole school rise from the water close to the bows; and to my surprise a long thread of glistening drops followed each fish for several feet above the surface. In a flash my brain admitted that my eyesight was right and that these creatures had no visible head or tail. Although I had never known any record in the Atlantic of such things, I realized now that for years I had been seeing flying squids instead of headless flying fish. From then on I began to detect corroborative details and to account for things which, in flying fish, would have been inexplicable.

These mysterious creatures are not at all rare in many parts of the tropics, and I have occasionally seen them in schools of fifty or more. There is no initial wriggle. They simply appear, rising swiftly and curving rather sharply upward, attaining a height of thirty or forty feet, when they flatten out and maintain this elevation for as much as one hundred yards. Their formation is much more regular, and on the whole I should consider them as better gliders than the volant fish in everything except actual distance covered.

Here again, the thousands of observers who have traversed these tropical waters have failed to observe or, at least, to record these conspicuous and most interesting creatures.

The sparrows versus weaverbirds, and the flying fish versus squids represent only two of a host of problems waiting to be solved, all close at hand, within the focus of intelligent observation, whose solution will contribute materially to knowledge of evolution on the earth.

Why Are 'How' and 'Why' More Important Than 'What'?

Almost the first question asked of a returned explorer, not only by interested friends and neighbors, but by his fellow scientists, as well, is, "Did you find any new species?" In any newspaper account of exploration, the place of honor is certain to be a statement of new animals or birds or fish. As expedition after expedition returns and the list of new organisms grows ever smaller, this is likely to be a source of discouragement to beginning naturalists — but only because of confusion in the relative importance of discoveries.

In order to fry an egg, we need a circular, flat metal dish with a handle, and the implement works just as well if we have no name at all for it or if we call it Gug. But, if we wish to ask someone to hand it to us or desire to write an account of frying pans, we must have a name in common use. Here again it is of no importance whether we say "frying pan" in the United States or "scovoroba" in Russia. Once it is recognized for what it is, we are at liberty to do what we wish with it. We can paint a landscape on the bottom, tie a red ribbon around the handle, and hang it in the best parlor, if we like that kind of thing. Or we can put it to its normal use or, again, study the structure of its various metals and rivets and the clever shape and inclination of the handle. Or we can dig down into past civilizations and investigate the evolution of frying pans from hot stones.

Let us reverse all this in the case of animals and see how easy it is to take the curse off long Latin and Greek names by, first, ignoring their apparent unpronounceability and, second, finding the great interest of their derivation. (Very delightful people have family names which are chiefly "z's," "k's," and "j's." What Greek title could be worse than Yuszkiewicz?)

My object in all this harangue is not to discourage identification — we *must* have handles — but to refuse to be satisfied with the mere application of the man-made label. Little by little the role of Namer is passing; on the earth today, Adam would soon be in the rank of the unemployed. Fewer and fewer new organisms are coming to light, and the fame and honor and — what is much more important — the satisfaction of scientific work and achievement in the future will lie chiefly with those who have a flying start in the investigation of structure and life habits.

On the other hand this can go too far. Henri Fabre was one of the keenest of observers and a marvelous interpreter of the habits of insects. But something in his life had turned him against books and scientific learning, with the result that he never took the trouble to identify the insects he was studying. Hence, many of his exquisite researches are of value only as applying to groups of species, not to any recognizable single form.

Advantages of an Ant's-Eye View

I think my most important final suggestion is to take an ant's-eye view of things. Go

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to the ant, not because you are sluggish but because the ant is forever dominated by an intense curiosity and because its view of life is so unlike that of the usual human being.

At first it is an excellent thing actually to go down flat on the ground, on all possible occasions when observing, and watch with your eyes as close to the earth as you can. It might be thought that if we could go out into the nearest woods and fields and study elephants and lions, ostriches and giraffes, this prone position would not be so necessary. Even so, many puzzles would be solved. But we are so likely to sneer at or belittle creatures which are smaller or weaker than we are, when it is only the merest accident that we evolved six feet tall and not six inches or six millimeters. It is well to keep in mind that none of the giant creatures which lived in past ages has survived; the huge fishes, reptiles, and birds have all become extinct, and today the giant redwoods, the elephants, and the ostriches are barely holding their own.

Most of the animals, birds, and insects which we will watch and study are small folk, and we must, from the very first, realize that their movements and ways of hunting, their voices and methods of defense are quite as exciting and equal in interest in every way to the galloping of antelopes, the charge of rhinos, the roar of lions, and the hollow square of musk oxen. Once you have convinced yourself of an equality of interest in the life of ant and giraffe, you can safely return to your erect position. Your eyes are now refocused to a new truth; your mind has a fresh, honest evaluation of life on the earth. There will come a time when what seemed at first like childish pretense is found to be actual fact. The life of a fourteen-foot giraffe or the several tons of a hippopotamus is completely and deadly uninteresting as compared with the complex agricultural, slave-making, city-building habits of ants.

I could go on for many pages suggesting specific things to do, but those who need all the details of how to begin and how to carry on will never be worth-while naturalists. If the prospect of a lifetime of studying wild creatures does not inspire things at hand to do, then no casual suggestions will suffice.

The greatest handicaps today for original observation and for the recording of details are the mass of guide, text, and field books, with everything made easy in them for the student.

Even when I was a boy there were excellent maps of the part of New Jersey in which I lived, but I ignored them and, using my house as a center, I made longer and longer excursions in every direction.

It was real exploration for me. When I was run out of a field by an irate farmer, I imagined him an unfriendly tribe of Indians and, when I outwitted him by caterpillaring through grass and weeds and got the insect or bird I wanted, it was good training for more serious adventures in later years. When I met and made friends with a kind-man-with-a-laboratory, he was to me the friendly chief of a new people. And the fact that he was Thomas Edison made me not so far wrong.

All the time, I was watching birds and other creatures, collecting them when I needed them and mapping the fields and streams and mountains. The days when I found my first fossil shells or discovered peacock coal or saw a flock of Bohemian waxwings — no subsequent event can ever dim these. And so on and so on and so on.

Newspapers are very strange things to me, today as always, especially after an expedition of months at sea or in the jungle or even after a long day with glasses, watching untamed beings which do not know that mankind exists. If I did not remind myself that the daily news has to do with very real countries, nations, and individuals, much of it would seem to be terribly silly, tactless, or wicked jokes.

There are no willful murders or unreasonable wars in nature, and, if we shudder at and condemn the "bloody tooth and fang," let us go down shudderingly to put an end to our daily slaughter of cow and calf, turkey, chicken, fowl, pig, and sheep, whose bodies provide us with strength to belittle the smaller folk of earth and to magnify ourselves.

If we will devote more of our time to watching and appreciating our lesser relations on the planet, there will be correspondingly less fear and worry about fake policies, jealousies, depressions, and wars. The evils of civilization will diminish in reality, and the splendor of man and his works will bear a more worthy comparison with the grandeur of our sphere, its animals and plants, and the jolly old galaxy of which we are a pin point of light and a speck of whirling dust.

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The Role of Government in Public Discussion

Two Points of View

I—Controlled Discussion Is Not Free Speech

***by* RALPH C. ROPER**

THE UNITED STATES Commissioner of Education, Dr. John W. Studebaker, is sponsoring a program of public forums to be financed by federal funds.

The function of government in public discussion depends on the kind of government desired. A dictatorship must necessarily control public discussion; a democracy must necessarily withhold control. The one cannot long exist under free discussion; the other cannot long endure without it. In the one, the government must dictate to the people what they shall think; in the other, the people must dictate to the government what it shall do.

There is no such thing as *democratic* control by government. When the Commissioner of Education defends government "control" vested in "elected public school authorities" (*Plain Talk*, p. 103), he is not on sound democratic ground. The founders of our country would not have approved such undemocratic doctrine.

Popular discussion can be free only when government has no power to control it.

The main object of public discussion is to improve and reform government. Government, therefore, should no more have control over the discussion of its mistakes and its wrongdoing than a prisoner should have control over the prosecution of his mistakes and his wrongdoing.

Popular discussion of government measures, even in support of them, should be *outside* government control and, if in opposition, *must* be outside, since no government will effectively oppose itself.

Dr. John Dewey reminds us that the rulers at Washington are our "servants, as open to criticism as everyone else," for "we are the real government." Their every act "should be most carefully scrutinized by American citizens." Power to control scrutiny should never be lodged in the government to be scrutinized.

"We must have at least a decade for organization" of this "farflung system of public forums," says Dr. Studebaker, and "a budget of at least $50,000,000 a year," both during and after its organization.

Half a billion dollars every ten years! The possible effect on free discussion of such gigantic expenditures can be appreciated in its full significance only when we consider how and under whose control these huge sums are to be expended and how and under whose control the public forums are to be conducted.

Long experience has taught us that the most effective control of any government function is control of expenditures. True, the Commissioner pleads only for "proper" government control in order to insure "proper" use of federal funds. Spenders of public funds never ask for greater control than they should "properly exercise." They, of course, decide what is proper.

While no one may justly question either the good faith or the democratic purposes of the incumbent of the office of Commissioner of Education, all sincere believers in democracy and free discussion may well tremble, in these days of uncontrolled wielders of power, at the possible interpretation which an ambitious and unscrupulous successor of Dr. Studebaker might put on the expression, "proper control." In the very first announcement of policy by the Office of Education, following allotment of federal funds for radio discussions, it was definitely stated, according

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to Associated Press reports, that "the activities of the New Deal would not be discussed." Why not, both pro and con?

"Such controls as the Federal Government may properly exercise," says Dr. Studebaker, should be "vested in the Office of Education at Washington." In his books (*The American Way* and *Plain Talk*), his magazine articles, addresses, and official bulletins, the Commissioner often states that "the kind of public forum" which he wants "should be an integral part of the system of public education," with the "management" generally "delegated to the federal, State, and local agencies of education" — all arms of government — and the local control and management "*exclusively* in the hands of the local educational authorities," including the superintendents of schools, "school boards, and *policy making bodies*" (my italics).

II

BESIDES CONTROL of funds, there are two equally effective methods for control of public discussion by government: (1) elimination of subjects to be discussed and (2) selection of leaders and speakers to be heard. The Commissioner's plan includes both.

It is undemocratic and dangerous to liberty to vest in any arm of government the power to determine what measures the people may discuss or what leaders and speakers they must hear. Dangerous indeed is the power to deny the right of the people and their own self-chosen leaders to criticize the mistakes and the wrongdoing of their own government.

A school board is an arm of government. The members are all human. They have their private connections and their public prejudices. A forum may wish to discuss their acts and policies. Will a school board be eager to submit for open public discussion its own mistakes and misfeasance? Will it give information and thereby aid its own ouster at the coming election? Will a State superintendent do so, or a federal Commissioner of Education? Will any arm of government — federal, State, or local — pursue a course which may defeat its tenure of office? Will a Republican, Democratic, Socialist, Communist, or Fascist government do so? It follows that the only democratic method is to vest control in the people who participate in the discussions.

Under the Commissioner's plan, those who participate in the discussions of the public forums are not permitted to choose their subjects or their leaders. "The selection of forum leaders and the determination of the subjects to be discussed would be under the control of local education authorities." (*The American Way*, p. 131).

Dr. Studebaker urges that forum leaders be chosen *exclusively from the teaching professions*. Over and over in his books, bulletins, and addresses he insists that these leaders "must" be "professionally trained," each "a scholar himself in the social sciences," members of a "new teaching profession" of "forum leadership," who are to make "a life's work out of this business of public forums" — "the very cream of the teaching profession in places of forum leadership." Ten thousand of the *cream* of the teaching profession, he insists, leaving the public schools to thrive on skim milk.

Even in small communities (*School Life*, May, 1938), leaders are not to be chosen democratically. They are to be certified by committees of superintendents, who also "decide upon the subjects to be discussed."

The Commissioner shuns a very major objective of local public discussions — the development of men and women from among the masses for political and social leadership. He says it is no place for "amateurs." A modern Lincoln could not be a leader, since he would not belong to "the cream of the teaching profession."

Professional leadership is not the all-important thing. Certified leaders are not democratic leaders. They can never have the democratic appeal. Our democracy has come up from the people, not down from above. Greek city-states got along without professional leadership. Demosthenes was a home-town boy. Town meetings and lyceums and debating societies got along without it. In all these democratic institutions, leaders found themselves, and were found.

There is an American way — a way that will fit in with long-cherished democratic ideals, at the crossroads, in the little country schoolhouses, in town halls, in church centers, and in neighborhoods of metropolitan cities. It is the New England town-meeting way, the American Lyceum way, the way democracy

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was born and grew to its full stature in our country. It is the small-discussion-group method that transformed Nova Scotia from a declining province into a prosperous one, thanks to the outstanding accomplishments of the public-spirited priests of St. Francis Xavier University. It is the way followed in certain Scandinavian countries, where democracy is best and where government supports but does not control discussion. It is the way used by our own departments of agriculture and labor, in thousands of discussion groups meeting regularly under government encouragement and support, without control.

Let government, then, encourage free public discussions with generous allotment of funds, with the definite understanding that the sole and absolute control of discussion shall vest at all times in the people who take part, where Lincoln said it should be. *That is democracy. That is the democratic way, the only true American way.*

II—Organization Does Not Imply Control

by JOHN W. STUDEBAKER

THE PROGRAM of public discussion which the Office of Education has been promoting has proved that the plans I have suggested are not only in harmony with American ideals but are capable of making a major contribution to the further flowering of those democratic ideals.

I am glad that Mr. Roper has emphasized again the possible dangers of federal domination of education in the States. I share with him a feeling of deep concern that our agencies of education shall be kept free of all extraneous and partisan controls.

But Mr. Roper plays rather loosely with three concepts: "Control," "government," and "the people." He also employs quotation marks to give impressions which the individuals quoted never intended.

For example: his sentence beginning, "When the Commissioner . . . defends government 'control' vested in 'elected public school authorities.'" . . . I never said or wrote that and I do not believe that public-school authorities should control public *discussion*. On the contrary, I believe in *free* discussion.

There is a vast difference between managing an educational *program* and "controlling" thought or discussion. The only kind of "control" I have advocated in regard to federal aid to education (referred to as "proper control") involves the Office of Education as the agency to distribute the funds and to be responsible for accounting for their "proper" use. It seems axiomatic that the agency which allocates public funds must take necessary steps to insure the use of the money for the general purpose for which it was allocated. If funds are appropriated for education, they should not be used in building roads. This does not in any sense imply "control over" the educational program or "control of discussion." It is only in that sense that I have ever used the word "proper" in this connection.

I suppose that a federal, State, or local taxing agency *could* exercise undesirable controls in relation to the use of public funds. I take advantage of every opportunity, privately and publicly, to oppose such "control." Such undesirable control will not be established by legislative bodies so long as the people who create these bodies by electing their members are clearly opposed to such "controls." And that, in my opinion, is the sure and only safeguard against them. It is because I believe organized, competently managed, and widespread programs of public discussion will help people to know how to restrain their governments from exercising undesirable controls that I have advocated extension and improvement of plans for free discussion of public affairs.

Every kind of organized activity requires management. Mr. Roper has offered a private organization of his own as the managing agency for a vast national program of public discussion and has sought federal funds with which to run it. He assures us that he and his associates will not exercise any "control" over the discus-

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sions. They promise merely to manage the program so as to facilitate free discussion.

Why does Mr. Roper assume that his organization or any other privately managed group would not "control" public discussions which it organizes, when there is really nothing inherent in the organization to prevent it, but that a public agency of education, with all sorts of community pressures actively against unfair use of the school system, will flout public opinion and suppress or control discussion?

II

When Mr. Roper makes the statement that "discussion can be free only when government has no power to control it," it seems to me he is begging the question. I have not advocated government control over *discussion*.

But, if he means that a process of free inquiry cannot be promoted and managed by public agencies, he is attacking and repudiating as undemocratic the greatest institution of our democratic government, the public school system. I believe in that institution despite its shortcomings. I believe that the public school system is capable of promoting and managing organized learning under the principle of *academic freedom;* that, without freedom to learn and to discuss vital issues in our public schools, American democracy cannot be preserved.

That institution came into being because the people recognized that freedom to learn could not be offered to all citizens if we had to depend on private schools and private organizations. In those cases where certain forces in the community try to limit freedom of education and to put the process in a strait jacket, I oppose the move. But I do not propose to give up the institution merely because we have to keep struggling to give it the freedom it needs.

I have never proposed that the Commissioner of Education or the Office of Education should attempt to organize, manage, or "control" a national system of public forums for the discussion and study of democracy's problems. I *have* proposed that the national taxing authority should stimulate the more rapid development of such a program by giving grants-in-aid *to State and local public education.*

Government (local, State, federal) is already spending about two and a half billion dollars per year for public education. The federal government is investing annually millions of dollars of public funds in land-grant colleges and universities and in grants-in-aid for vocational education in the States. The representatives selected *by the people* decided to do that. And I think it is Exhibit A for democracy at work.

I propose merely that the local, State, and federal divisions of the government should earmark public funds for the specific purpose of promoting *free* public discussion to be organized by the same local public agencies of education which now manage the educational process for children and young people.

Mr. Roper seems to view "government" as an oppressive machine dominating "the people." That, of course, is not the democratic view of government. "Government," according to the democratic idea, is a public corporation through which the people get those things done which they decide are of concern to the public welfare and cannot be left entirely to private management and initiative. The government *is* the people, acting together in their own interests through representatives of their own choosing. And public education is a creature *of* the people and not the tool of dictatorship.

This point of view is not mere theory. It has worked out in practice. Local agencies of public education in several hundred communities in thirty-six States *have* operated public forums with funds allocated through the Office of Education. They *have* employed forum leaders without any approval from anyone in Washington and without any questions being raised about their political or economic beliefs or affiliations. They *have* organized representative citizens' committees and have encouraged widespread public participation in the selection of subjects for discussion. No one, so far as I know, has ever been arbitrarily silenced or prevented from expressing his views during the discussion periods.

In this connection, another inaccuracy in Mr. Roper's statement should be pointed out. I have never said that forum leaders should be selected "exclusively from the teaching profession." Some of the best forum leaders I know are not in the teaching profession.

In the forums of these hundreds of communities, the people have discussed the most controversial issues dealing with every phase of government, of economics, of social and international problems. Citizens, thousands of them, have stood up in these forum meetings as free

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men should and have criticized the party in office with fervor and freedom. They have criticized local school boards and local politicians. This *has* happened!

In conclusion, I want to clinch one point concerning the danger of setting a precedent under my commissionership which may be taken advantage of by some future commissioner. While I appreciate very deeply the confidence placed in me, personally, by Mr. Roper, I question the logic of his assumption that some "unscrupulous" commissioner of education would in the future be able to utilize what we are now doing as a dangerous precedent. A curious notion is abroad that, if a democracy does a job in a democratic way, it sets a precedent for a dictatorship to do that job in an arbitrary way.

"Unscrupulous" persons, as individuals or groups, in any division or branch of our federal or State governments, will find it harder to dominate and control public discussion in this country if we establish now a precedent of local management and widespread popular participation than if we do not. Totalitarian ideas will find it increasingly difficult to break through to power if democracy employs *its* powers and *its* methods in meeting the real issues which confront us and in releasing the energies of the people to function democratically through extended education. If once dictatorship is inaugurated, it needs no precedent and no ready-made machinery to establish public-opinion–controlling organizations.

In my judgment, if we fail to take steps toward increased effective study and discussion of public affairs among adults, by employing our systems of public education to that end, we thereby endanger our chances of solving modern problems in the American way.

III — Rebuttal by Mr. Roper

THE CRUX of this whole discussion is: Where, under the Commissioner's plan, is control of discussion actually vested? In the people who take part in the discussions or in government (federal, State, and local), whose acts are the subject of controversy?

Dr. Studebaker's reply is both a denial and a confession — a denial that control *is* vested in government and a confession that it is and *should be* vested there.

Did I play "loosely" with words, quotation marks, and facts? Not a single book and page citation in my article is questioned.

The Commissioner denies ever saying that school authorities *should* "control public discussion," yet he vests the *power* of control in such "policy making bodies," if they wish to use it.

He says "the only kind of control" he wants is to insure "proper use" of federal funds. What has the control of *subjects* and *leaders* to do with the proper use of funds?

"I have never proposed," he states, that the Commissioner shall "control" a national system of forums; yet he vests the sole and absolute control in the public-school system, of which he, who controls the expenditure of the federal funds, is the head.

As to leaders, Dr. Studebaker denies he ever said they should be selected exclusively from the teaching profession, but he does not deny my supporting quotations from his own public statements. Again, he says leaders have been employed in the past "without any approval from anyone in Washington." His 1938 official "statement," however, is: "The leaders engaged in this plan will be selected by the Commissioner of Education upon recommendation of an advisory committee" — a committee *not* made up from those who take part in the discussions but from superintendents and other *policy making* school authorities.

Dr. Studebaker confuses public *discussion* with public *education*. The latter may properly be conducted by the public-school system, but the former may not. Effective public discussion of government misfeasance must be conducted *outside* government, as in the case of newspapers.

In independent discussion groups, control is self-control — by those who take part. That is democracy, not totalitarianism.

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America's Maritime Power

by **THOMAS M. WOODWARD**

Member United States Maritime Commission

IT WAS RECENTLY SAID of the constituents of a congressman, representing a district in the hinterland, who had voted against a naval-expansion bill, that they had "never seen a battleship and never hoped to see one." In presenting the idea of an adequate merchant marine to the American people, the fact must be kept in mind that, owing to the factor of geography, at least 70 per cent of the people of the United States may live their normal lives without any direct consciousness of salt water. By contrast, no spot in England, the greatest maritime nation on earth, is more than seventy-five miles from the ocean, and the population is correspondingly ship-conscious.

The importance of a merchant marine, however, is not diminished by the fact that we have in the United States the world's greatest free-trade area and the greatest known resources of raw materials. These factors are among those which have made us the world's greatest trading nation, with all the responsibilities that such a position entails. Among these responsibilities which the government must assume are the protection of our trade and the permanent assurance of its continuing flow.

The navy has a dual function, the primary one being the protection of our vast continental coastline and that of our outlying possessions. The secondary function is the protection of American commerce. In both, the existence of an adequate and up-to-date merchant marine is of vital importance. Napoleon's oft quoted remark that an army travels on its stomach has its maritime parallel, for the vast majority of naval vessels are fighting ships, and fighting ships, like fighting men, must be fed and supplied. This seemingly obvious fact was quite painfully brought out in the celebrated round-the-world tour of the United States fleet in 1906. The businesslike appearance of the American war vessels may have had the effect of impressing the citizenry of many lands with the naval potency of America, but the fact that the fleet was followed by a motley collection of supply steamers flying the flags of many nations (but not that of the United States) did not go unnoticed by the naval experts of foreign countries.

It would be beside the issue to discuss here the merits of the enlarged navy program on which the United States has embarked. The fact remains that this country has adopted a long-range program of naval expansion, involving the expenditure of $1,500,000,000 for new construction over the next five years. To build such a fleet and at the same time to fail to provide a sufficient supply of supporting merchant vessels is almost to nullify the effectiveness of the fleet as a defense unit and to waste the taxpayers' money. It has been estimated that at least one thousand merchant vessels of various types would be necessary for the prosecution of a war with a major power, and it is in accordance with these needs that the Maritime Commission, which has been charged by Congress with the responsibility of creating an adequate merchant marine, is planning its program of new construction.

To meet the minimum and immediate requirements of the American foreign-trade merchant fleet, the Commission has adopted a program involving the construction of fifty ships of various types per year for the next ten years, at the cost of approximately $1,250,000,000. Already the first year's quota has been more than met, and construction is being actively pressed. These ships do not necessarily represent an addition to the total number of American ships in foreign trade. They are being built to replace vessels which, although still in service, have become obsolete and whose effective economic life is nearly over.

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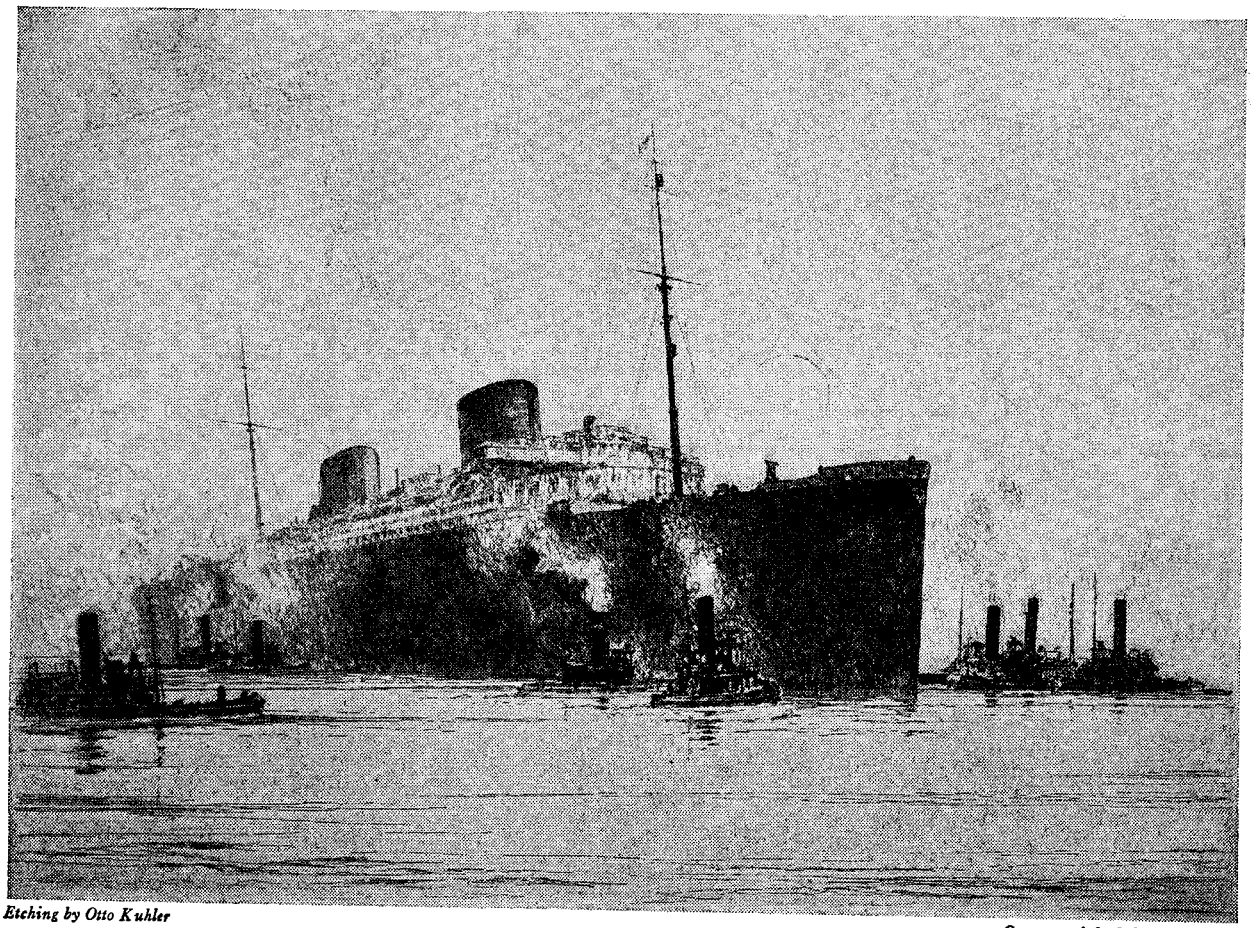
II

BESIDES THE NEED for modern ships to accompany the fleet and for those which are susceptible of conversion in time of war into actual fighting ships, there remains the necessity of maintaining an uninterrupted flow of vital raw materials into the United States in a time of emergency, as well as a channel for maintaining our export market. Such an emergency does not necessarily presume that this country would itself be at war.

We have only to go back to the early period of the World War to see what the lack of an American merchant marine and dependence on foreign ships meant to American economy. The export business of the nation was paralyzed, and, while 257,172 bales of cotton had been exported in August ,1913, just 21,217 bales left the country in August, 1914. The price of cotton meanwhile dropped from $62.50 per bale in July, 1914, to $36.25 in December. The experience of cotton was repeated to a greater or lesser extent in all export commodities. Freight backed up on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad from Philadelphia as far west as Harrisburg. When the freight jam was finally broken by the partial resumption of shipping services by other neutral nations as well as by combatant nations who controlled the high seas, American freight moved again — but only at fantastically high rates, and $300 per ton was asked as a purchase price for the same ships which before the war were selling for about $60 per ton.

Only last September this country had a taste of what might happen again if a foreign war should break out. At the height of the "pre-Munich" crisis, all German commercial vessels were ordered home, and they precipitately followed those orders, leaving American travelers and freight wherever they could be disposed of most quickly. The British admiralty commandeered the *Aquitania*, and for several days it appeared that many available American ships might have to be rushed to Europe to repatriate Americans stranded by the inability of the foreign lines to bring them home. Those American ships which were on the European run did yeoman service in meeting this un-



Etching by Otto Kuhler

Courtesy of the Schwartz Gallery

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expected crisis and gave dramatic proof of the value of having ships under our own flag whose operations can be controlled for the national good in times of emergency.

Indeed the insurance function, if it may be so called, of an American fleet is becoming increasingly important. Consider the major maritime powers of the world today in the order of their importance, based on tonnage employed in foreign trade: first, Great Britain, followed by Japan, Germany, the United States, Italy, and France. Each of these nations participates heavily in the movement of export and import cargoes from and to America. These six nations comprise the three outstanding totalitarian states as well as the three strongest advocates of the democratic system. Assuming a position of neutrality on the part of the United States in case of an outbreak of hostilities in Europe, the probable alignment of the warring powers would tend to eliminate automatically a substantial amount of foreign tonnage from the American freight market.

Actually, the maritime situation that confronts the United States today is in many respects less dangerous than was the case in 1914. It is true that we have a merchant marine including some four hundred vessels in foreign trade, while approximately three hundred tankers and five hundred dry-cargo vessels are engaged in the coastwise and intercoastal trades. Furthermore, approximately 30 per cent of our foreign commerce are being carried in American ships today, as against 10 per cent in 1914.

Nevertheless, the figure of 30 per cent does not appear very substantial when the imminent possibility of disruption in the foreign services which carry the balance of 70 per cent is weighed. Nor is the condition of the American fleet in either foreign or domestic trade any cause for excessive national pride. With few exceptions, the American merchant marine is today composed of nearly obsolete tonnage, and American ships in foreign trade cannot operate efficiently in the highly competitive international shipping market, where the race generally is to the swift and the battle to the strong.

III

BUT, THOUGH the present situation of the merchant marine is far from satisfactory, the condition has been recognized, and something is being done about it. Congress has concluded, in the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, that it is impossible, under present conditions, for the American operator to compete effectively in the international shipping market without an equalization of his costs with those of his foreign competitors.

The government now may absorb, through the construction-differential subsidy, the difference between the cost to the American operator of construction of a ship in this country and the cost of constructing a similar vessel abroad. Through the operating-differential subsidy the disparity between the operating costs of the American operator and those of his foreign competitor is paid by the government. While there remain many vexing problems in connection with the determination and application of these differentials, the need for government subsidy has been frankly recognized, and the major handicap to the development of an American merchant marine in foreign commerce has been overcome.

The Maritime Commission, set up under the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, has not had an easy time in its first two years.

Like the Red Queen in *Alice in Wonderland*, who found that she had to run faster and faster to stay in the same place, the Commission has been faced with the withdrawal from service of American lines, while at the same time the Commission was trying to enlarge the scope and effectiveness of the merchant service. In the case of the Dollar Line (now American President Lines), the Commission was forced to acquire a substantial interest in the company in order to guarantee the maintenance of this important service which in August, 1938, had almost completely suspended. This acquisition did not involve any cash expenditure on the part of the Commission, since the controlling stock interest in the company was acquired in return for the release of the owners from certain contractual obligations to the government. A period of stabilization now appears to have been reached, however, and tangible evidence of progress can be seen.

There has been a consolidation of existing services, notably in the North Atlantic and Caribbean areas, which, by the elimination of unprofitable lines, has placed the remaining lines on a sounder economic basis. The round-

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the-world and transpacific services of the American President Lines are now in operation with renovated ships. A new and finer passenger and freight service, the American Republics Line, has been inaugurated to the east coast of South America.

Further, the problem of replacing our nearly obsolete tonnage has been carefully studied, and new ships are being built to supplant those which are operating in our foreign trade and which, in many cases, are sadly outmoded by the vessels of our foreign competitors. That this replacement is far overdue is indicated by the fact that 87 per cent of our merchant vessels are over fifteen years old — easily the highest percentage of any major maritime power — while only 13 per cent of American ships have a speed of 15 knots or better (the worst record of any seafaring nation save Norway, and it must be remembered that Norwegian shipping is largely tramp tonnage, a type of service in which speed is not an important element).

The Maritime Commission, as has been mentioned before, has set a goal of five hundred new ships for foreign trade within the next ten years as a minimum requirement for the national defense and for the successful prosecution of our foreign commerce. Already contracts have been let for sixty-seven ships. These vessels represent an expenditure of approximately $185,000,000, and are allocated to essential American trade routes extending from our ports to all parts of the world. Twenty of these ships are being built for private account, while the balance is for the account of the government. It is expected that, on completion, this latter group will be sold or chartered to private operators. One vessel, the fastest tanker under the American flag, has already been launched and has been sold to the United States Navy. This merchant fleet is a well-rounded one, including tankers, cargo vessels, combination cargo-and-passenger vessels, and one passenger liner, the *America*, for the United States Lines. Beginning this spring, each month will see another launching. The rebuilding of the American merchant marine is really under way.

This new fleet is not calculated to be the nucleus of the largest merchant fleet in the world, but it is planned to be the best; and there is no reason why this aim cannot be accomplished. All the skill of the finest ship designers is going into the new vessels. The latest features of hull design are incorporated in their lines, and the most efficient cargo-handling equipment is being installed. Propulsion machinery will be up-to-date and efficient, and the vessels will be as nearly sinkproof and fireproof as human ingenuity can make them.

IV

FEW LAYMEN would question the ability of the United States to produce physically the finest ships afloat, but there are still many skeptics who seriously question the ability of American seamen to man them effectively. On this latter point there has been more loose talk and muddled thinking than on any other phase of our merchant-marine problem.

There is no dodging the fact that during the past few years there has been an undercurrent of discord and distrust between the ship operators and the seamen on the one hand and between factions among the seamen themselves on the other. The former trouble manifested itself most spectacularly in the maritime strikes of 1934 and 1936, while the struggle between the maritime unions of the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O., as well as between the so-called "right" and "left" wings of each of these groups, has been well publicized. Within the last twelve months, however, there has been a very notable improvement in the maritime labor situation; and shipowners, seamen, and the Maritime Commission alike hope and expect that the future holds promise of even greater co-operation between these groups.

Had shipowners earlier generally recognized the business soundness of providing living and working conditions aboard ship comparable to the conditions to be found on shore in other industry, much of the labor trouble that has harassed American shipping might have been avoided, though it cannot be denied that the labor organizations in certain instances made demands of the shipowners which were impossible of fulfillment. The Maritime Commission recognized that these living and working conditions were at the root of much of the labor trouble, and on all the subsidized ships of the foreign fleet (approximately 150 in number) the betterment of the crews' quarters and the fixing of minimum wage and manning scales either have been accomplished or are presently under way. The crews' quarters on the new

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ships now under construction will be as modern and comfortable as those on any ship afloat under any flag.

In an earlier age, the clipper era and before, the American seaman was the finest of his breed, and it is true he became so on "salt horse" and hardtack, on long hours and low pay, living in ill-ventilated and crowded forecastles. But we feel that in some respects, at least, we have advanced in the last hundred years and we know that today we can attract the best type of men to our ships only if we can offer them living and working conditions in which a man can keep his cleanliness, his decency, and his self-respect.

"But," says your confirmed skeptic, "Americans aren't naturally good seamen. I certainly wouldn't ride on an American ship. Now you take the British or Germans, for example. . . ."

Thus begins the harangue, based on an argument which is as preposterous in theory as it is erroneous in fact. A nation which formerly built and manned a merchant fleet which completely outstripped its foreign competitors and which today dominates the world in every other form of commercial transportation is entirely capable of providing the personnel for a fine merchant marine. From the point of view of cold statistics, the percentage of vessels lost by the American merchant marine since 1920 is lower than that of any maritime nation in the world, save only Holland; and the record of safety established by American ships in the last three years is unequaled in maritime history. Based on the facts, the seagoing passenger is safer today under the American flag than under any other.

V

WE ARE GOING TO HAVE the ships for a new and better merchant marine. We have a wealth of intelligent, able, and willing men, many of whom are now at sea, and thousands more who would like to have the opportunity to "ship out." What we have lacked until now is the opportunity to train these men so that they can make the most of their opportunities and so that we can be assured that American ships will be manned by officers and crews second to none in technical knowledge and proficiency. In the matter of such formal training the United States has lagged behind all the other maritime nations.

In recognition of this need for facilities for training merchant-marine officers and seamen, the Commission has instituted training schools for unlicensed men at Hoffman Island in New York Harbor and at Government Island at Oakland, California, while at Fort Trumbull in New London, Connecticut, a school has been started for the training of officers already holding licenses. This training is under the immediate supervision of the United States Coast Guard. The period of training is three months, and it is expected that these schools will be able to give training to approximately three hundred licensed men and three thousand unlicensed men each year. Though the New York and Oakland schools, which started in the fall, were viewed with some distrust by the representatives of certain maritime labor organizations, they have recently been endorsed by the representatives of the strongest seamen's union on the Atlantic Coast, and from the outset the attitude of the vast majority of the actual enrollees has been enthusiastic.

It is obvious that by enrolling in such a training system the seaman is bettering his chances of holding a job on board ship and gaining promotion. The courses are intensely practical, designed to meet the needs of the deck, engine, and stewards' departments, both for the officers and for the unlicensed men, and in addition the enrollees have the advantage of receiving instruction from the Coast Guard, an organization which in tradition, experience, and seamanship is surpassed by no other group of men afloat.

All the necessary factors for the re-establishment of a modern and efficient merchant marine are present today in this country. We are building the ships and, equally important, we have the man power which through training we hope to develop into a body of seamen second to none in technical skill and proficiency. We have an act of Congress which, though far from perfect in detail, is designed to enable the American operator to achieve a parity in cost with his foreign competitors. What we must have to make the project a success is the cooperation and support of the people of this country. Without that, the other factors are of but little importance. With that support, we can go forward and re-establish a merchant marine commensurate with the strength and dignity of this nation.

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The Artist's Point of View

New York World's Fair Art: World of Yesterday, Today, or Tomorrow?

First impressions of World's Fair murals and sculptures are obviously incomplete. They do, however, raise several questions which can be partly answered now and entered on the calendar for final answers later.

Do the works commissioned by the Board of Design represent the best of American production?

Do the Board's standards, as revealed by its selections, represent the World of Tomorrow or the World of Yesterday?

Do the murals and sculptures fulfill their logical function in a great fair, i.e., do they establish a psychological atmosphere of adventure, dramatic explanation, and promise for the future which will separate the Fair from the mundane life of everyday?

Do they dramatize their various subjects — food, transportation, communications, etc. — with gay and exciting color harmonies and with a treatment which transposes subject into a free, fanciful re-creation of fact rather than a humdrum inventory or a stereotyped convention?

The murals and sculptures include all these types. Some are humdrum inventories. Many are conventional stereotypes. Some are free, fanciful re-creations and dramatizations of subject. There will be a general impression of gay color and adventure — more because of architecture, light effects, and building color schemes, however, than because of the specific quality of murals. Except for size and new materials. The very magnitude of decorations covering vast wall spaces is adventurous, exciting, different, and appropriate.

Was it necessary for the Board of Design to be so catholic in its tastes? Naturalism and the repetition of a worn-out decorative formula are not, never have been, and never will be art. They are our standards of yesterday. Was the policy of placating the World of Yesterday in creating a promise of the World of Tomorrow compulsory? Or was it the result of confusion or even ignorance of what constitutes the great art of all time — past, present, and future? I can think of no compulsions which would force yesterday's standards into the program of a nonprofit corporation dedicated (verbally) to their supplanting.

The World's Fair is dominated by business minds. The Board of Design was selected by such minds. The artists on the Board would inevitably be — and are — those who had made a success in business or who had attained a position of authority recognized by business. Frank Lloyd Wright was not engaged — "because he is difficult to deal with."

I read the paeans of praise and optimism about the Fair as previsioning the World of Tomorrow, over such eminent names as Wells, Butler, Adams, Ford, Wallace, Kettering, Valentine, and others[1] and wonder if I am at fault because, in the department of art, I cannot match their enthusiasm. I think of the two long years of struggle with the Board of Design by the Co-ordination Committee representing all the major organizations of artists in New York City, urging an exhibit of contemporary work, and the repeated flat rejection of that idea. Until the editorial in the *New York Post* supporting Paul Manship's letter of protest loosed a flood of public indignation which forced the Fair officials to reverse themselves and allow contemporary art a place in tomorrow's sun. I reflect that the one work of pictorial art which does definitely belong to tomorrow instead of today — the Mobile Mural, by Henry Billings — was commissioned not by the Board of Design but by the Ford Motor Company. And then I look hopefully at the twenty-seven photographs lying here before me but cannot manage, somehow, to wax enthusiastic about the *majority* of the Board's commissions as representing the potentialities of this great country of ours in the field of mural and sculptural art.

Next month I shall show a page of reproductions and attempt to assign each to the World in which it belongs — Yesterday, Today, or Tomorrow.[2]

Ralph M. Pearson

[1] *In the* New York Times *special issue of March 5.*

[2] *In the Critical Appreciation Course published by Mr. Pearson's school, the Design Workshop, of Nyack, New York, the World's Fair works will be studied more thoroughly than is possible here.*

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

ONE does not expect to see a newspaper headline announcing that Wallace Stevens has written a new poem (or that Allen Tate has again rewritten an old one). Seriously, however, the American press, as compared with that of England and other countries, is peculiarly wary of poetry news. The thousand and one verse magazines, of course, rebelliously record the doings of their contributors, but that is a rather bitter solution. Thanks is hereby extended THE FORUM for making this corner Mermaid Tavern possible.

LIGHTS UNDER BUSHELS

IN the golden '20's, books of verse were not such a mandragora on the market. Now it is a different matter. The number of fine poets yet to appear in book form is somewhat appalling. E. L. Mayo, Marshall Schacht, Ted Olson, Theodore Roethke — not to mention Samuel French Morse, Ann Channing, Leslie Cross, J. E. Scruggs, Fray Chavez, Clark Mills! Fortunately, spring heralds the publication of first volumes by Lloyd Frankenberg, Leila Jones, Richard Leon Spain, and others.

As in the sixteenth century, when publication of individual authors was uncommon, the function of the anthology is resuming importance. Among interesting forthcoming collections are Max Eastman's *Poems to Enjoy* (Scribner); William Doerflinger's *Shantymen and Shantyboys* (Macmillan), with the music to the sailor and lumberjack songs included therein; and *The Poet's Work* (Oxford), an anthology of passages on poetry, from Menander to Don Marquis, by that distinguished critic and poet, John Holmes.

POET GOSSIP

EDWARD Weismiller is now at Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship. ⁄ Oscar Williams, whilom editor of *Rhythmus*, is gathering printers' estimates, preparatory to bringing out a new poetry magazine (a venture it is hoped said estimates will not discourage). ⁄ A cinema in Greenwich Village is putting on an exhibition of framed poems by Village poets. ⁄ Gilbert Maxwell's third book may be almost certainly welcomed in the fall. ⁄ Daniel Smythe has kept an exhaustive detailed record of everything that has interested him since July 14, 1932: a journal that exceeds four hundred thousand words, from poems to conversations. ⁄ Maxwell Bodenheim is now head of the New Work WPA poetry project. ⁄ Virginia Moore is reading Eliot, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and other such giants over the radio in Virginia (and writing in the quiet of her 150-year-old home on the James). ⁄ John Russell McCarthy is bringing poetry before the students of the Pasadena schools. ⁄ The New England Poetry Club golden rose, previously awarded to Frost, MacLeish, and John Hall Wheelock, among others, has been awarded this year to Leonora Speyer. ⁄ Florence Hamilton, editor of the America League of Penwomen *Bulletin*, has been asked to serve as one of the editors of the forthcoming monthly, *Literary Parade*. ⁄ Lionel Abel's translations from Rimbaud will soon be issued by the Exiles Press, 78 West 12th Street, New York City, the first of a projected pamphlet series. ⁄ Gerard Meyer is engaged on a translation of George Herbert's woefully neglected Latin poems. ⁄ Daniel Henderson's *The Homing Heart*, with music by Albert Malotte, is being featured by John Charles Thomas; Mary Caroline Davies' *Touch Me to Song*, by Helen Jepson. ⁄ Climbing to the choral, Rose O'Neill's *When the Dead Men Die*, included by your correspondent in his recent anthology, *Lyrics in Brief*, is being set to music by the distinguished American composer, Roy Harris. ⁄ James Warren, Jr., is now serving on the editorial staff of *Verse Craft*. ⁄ Alfred Kreymborg entertained with reminiscences of Vachel Lindsay at a dinner party at Moneta's in Vachel Lindsay's honor (reminiscences that seemed to bear out Goethe's assertion that "nothing can be made of a poet but what Nature intended him to be"). ⁄ Jean Starr Untermeyer also related memories of Lindsay and of his difficult final days. ⁄ That hardy perennial of radio poetry programs, A. M. Sullivan's Sunday interviews over the Mutual network, has recently presented such well-known poets as Theda Kenyon, Kimball Flaccus, Merrill Moore, Clark Mills, and Padraic Colum. ⁄ Among other poets who have read or are soon to read over station WEVD's new thirty-minute program are Dorothy Quick, Robert Clairmont, Madeline Mason, Mary Caroline Davies, Countee Cullen, and Leonora Speyer. ⁄ Winfield Townley Scott writes that he is completing a sequel to his *Biography for Traman*. ⁄ Boris Todrin has "retrenched" from the *One Act Play* magazine to play his clarinet (softly) in Brooklyn and to work on his fifth book of verse. ⁄ Jeffers, Emily Dickinson, and Gogarty are among the poets most in library demand. ⁄ As if there weren't enough derangement there, Charles Henri Ford writes from Paris that a group of surrealist poets, active both in Japanese and English, has sprung up in Japan. ⁄ Poets sometimes do write best sellers (*vid.* Harriet Beecher Stowe, Hugo, Defoe, Dickens, Hervey Allen). ⁄ Such we hope will be the case with Chard Powers Smith, author of that unique treasury of gossip, *Annals of the Poets* (Scribner). He is now completing a four-hundred-thousand-word novel dealing with the rise of industrialism and the northern side of the Civil War.

OF THE DAEMON

ONE of the commonest curiosities concerning poets and poetry is of that phenomenon popularly described as "inspiration." The variety of creative stimulants is infinite: the only thing certain is that each poet must find his own. Some, like Kenneth Fearing and Haniel Long, brood for days before putting a word on paper. Others, like Merrill Moore, Dorothy Alyea, and Witter Bynner, write swiftly, scarcely altering a line. Richard Eberhart and John Wheelwright (like Fitzgerald, Milton, Burns, Tennyson, and Keats) are the slaves of scrupulous revision. Many — such as Jeffers, Elliot Coleman, and Ted Olson — find quiet, a certain loneliness, essential, while Reuel Denney manages to write while wrestling with the study of five languages, constant skiing, and the editing of a newspaper. T. S. Eliot, like Milton, meticulously avoids writing a single line "between Autumn Equinox and the Vernal." So the matter of "inspiration" is as varied, contradictory as the poets themselves. (Only whether with infinite or celestial abandon, Wordsworth's daily stint of pain or Blake's nocturnal delight — whether pure rhapsodist like Clare or prodigious scholar like Gray — it seems, however, that all must live out their lives at white heat like diamonds.)

TOM BOGGS

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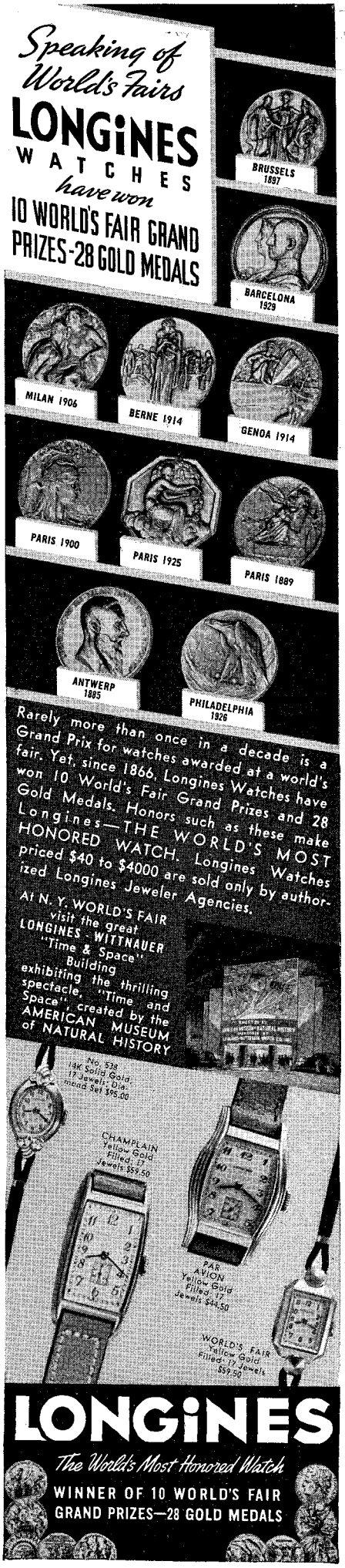
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Forum Quiz Answers

1. (b) *Theodore Roosevelt*
2. *embarassed* [Should be "embarrassed".]
3. (a) *Thurman Arnold*
4. (a) *solid coloring matter of red blood corpuscles*
5. (c) *Tomorrow will be dying.* [From, "To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time."]
6. Either (b) *Dear Mr. President,* or (d) *Hon. F. D. Roosevelt, President.* ["Excellency" is used by foreign ambassadors.]
7. (d) *going fishing*
8. (d) *Katherine Cornell*
9. (a) *"She usually paints flowers and simple subjects with a fine feeling for texture and color."* [Better get acquainted, if you don't know her work.]
10. (d) *Laurence A. Steinhardt* [Went from Lima, Peru.]
11. (d) *Salvador Dali* [A surrealist whose subject matter may not appeal to you but who knows how to paint.]
12. (a) *The* Merrimac *was ramming and sinking the North's biggest warships.*
13. (f) *Mikado* [First opened in Chicago, where it was a smash hit. Then went to New York. Federal Theatre Project.]
14. (a) *"It is an upper-crust group, Claude, reputed to dictate British foreign policy."*
15. (b) *Joe will flatten him like a pancake.*
16. (d) *Denys Wortman* [Draws "Metropolitan" or "Everyday Movies." Mopey Dick and the Duke are his best known characters.]
17. (a) *Publications and radio stations are being sold.* [*Pictorial Review* suspended, *American Architect* sold, etc.]
18. (c) *Clare Boothe Brokaw* [Wife of Henry Luce, publisher of *Time.* Wrote *The Women* and *Kiss the Boys Goodbye.*]
19. (d) *Gamelin* [Marie Gustave.]
20. (b) *give creative people time free from money worry*
21. (b) *It has usually taken a back seat in aviation.* [U. S. is renewing experimentation, however.]
22. (c) *3 million*
23. (d) *Stephens* [College in Missouri.]
24. (b) *not in sight of settlement* [Donald Richberg has been representing the oil companies.]
25. (c) *Dorothy Parker*
26. (d) *Listen and I will tell you about a dream he had.*
27. (a) *His legal decisions were more comical than logical.* [A very famous saloon-keeper judge, who lived at Langtry, Texas.]
28. (c) *a council of Jews*
29. (a) *to keep hair oil off furniture.* [Used in Victorian times to keep the macassar oil on men's hair off sofa and chair backs.]
30. (a) *Cleveland Indians*
31. (b) *S. F. B. Morse* [Inventor of the telegraph.]
32. (c) *"A fat man in furs kills a dragon and makes an honest woman of his sweetie with a magic ring."* [He always *seems* to be fat on the opera stage!]
33. (a) *they must renew their licenses twice a year*
34. (b) *battledore & shuttlecock*
35. (a) *John Henry Lewis* [a light heavyweight prize fighter.]
36. (d) *a woman hater*
37. (a) *Federal Trade Commission*
38. (b) *give them 15% of space and time costs*
39. (b) *At the North Pole there is only one direction* [south.]
40. All answers are correct.

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by

Christopher La Farge

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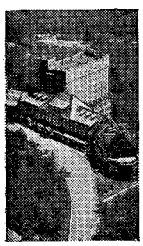

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THE RECORD REVIEW

MOZART: DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE, excerpts. Soloists & Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham (from Victor Sets M, AM 541, 542).

MOZART: CONCERTO IN C MINOR (K. 491). Robert Casadesus, piano, & Orchestre Symphonique de Paris, conducted by Bigot (Columbia 356, 4 records, $6.00).

MOZART: DIVERTIMENTO IN E FLAT (K. 563). Pasquier String Trio (Columbia 351; 5 records, $7.50).

HAYDN: SYMPHONIES NOS. 67 IN F MAJOR & 80 IN D MINOR. Orchestra of the New Friends of Music, conducted by Fritz Stiedry (Victor M, AM 536; 5 records, $9.00).

DELIUS: SOCIETY SET, vol. 3. Sir Thomas Beecham, the London Philharmonic Orchestra, & the B.B.C. & Royal Opera Choirs (Columbia 355; 7 records, $14.00).

LOEFFLER: MUSIC FOR STRINGED INSTRUMENTS. Coolidge Quartet (Victor M, AM 543; 3 records, $6.50).

HINDEMITH: SONATA FOR VIOLA & PIANO, Op. 11, No. 4. William Primrose & Jesus Maria Sanroma (Victor M 547; 2 records, $4.50).

THE excerpts from *Die Zauberflöte* that I have heard illustrate only too patently the results of the "aryanization" of music. Here is Mozart's most enchanting opera emasculated by singers whose cardinal virtue is their Nordic purity. The sheer irony is that Mozart's music, so universal and civilized, must become subject to the Nazi standards of who may perform in Germany.

The greater irony is that Victor, in an attempt to maintain high artistic levels, should record what is evidently a perfunctory performance. Of the soloists — Erna Berger, soprano, Rut Berglund, contralto, Helge Roswaenge, tenor, Gerhard Hüsch, baritone, and Wilhelm Strienz, bass (Tiana Lemnitz, soprano, did not appear in the excerpts I heard), Herr Strienz is the only one graced with a voice of quality. And he has no feeling at all for the warmth of the music.

The orchestra is routine and not averse to playing out of tune. But, to balance these defects, there is the indestructible Mozart music, Beecham's spirited performance, and the rich, high fidelity of the recording, despite clicks on some of the sides.

OF Mozart's piano concertos, Beethoven preferred the C-minor and the D-minor (K. 466) to all others because of their profound expressiveness and grand scale conception. M. Casadesus' present performance, in bringing us again this pianist with such excellent technique and good taste, exhibits the qualities that made the C-minor Concerto one of Beethoven's favorites. His interpretation is a model lesson. Every phrase is conceived painstakingly; the ultimate symmetry is wondrous. Yet the performance is poetic and imaginative, lest one think it might be academic, for Casadesus is the kind of artist who invests music with feeling at the same time that he reproduces a score literally.

Mechanically, the records are among Columbia's best. The piano tone is indeed approximate to the original. This set has a slight edge over the recent Fisher version, if only because of the limpid pianism of Casadesus. An odd side contains the Rondo in D major (K. 485), a piano solo.

MOZART composed the E-flat Divertimento, his only work for string trio, shortly after completing the three last symphonies at the height of his power. Thus, the Divertimento was written under practically the same influences that determined the E-flat, G-minor and "Jupiter," and, as is to be expected, is just as moving as the symphonies. However, the smaller instrumental dimensions of the Divertimento leads one to the fallacious conclusion that it is charming music and no more. The opposite is closer to the truth: that the delicate, transparent scoring necessitates in the music an eloquence that orchestral scoring often compensates.

The Divertimento cannot be fully apprehended at a single hearing. It becomes clear only after repeated performances. Particularly fortunate are we, then, in having, on the whole, a sensitive performance by the Pasquiers, although I cannot help feeling after several hearings that the inherent character of the adagio is not completely revealed.

RECENTLY the press made much mention of the laudable researches carried out by Dr. Alfred Einstein in rehabilitating five Haydn symphonies, which had lain obscure on library shelves for more than a century. The symphonies, edited by Dr. Einstein, were presented to the public at the concerts of the New Friends of Music.

The F-major and D-minor symphonies were played on February 26 in Carnegie Hall, New York. I heard them then, and was delighted to learn that they had been recorded. For the high spirits in which they were presented, including the zeal of the orchestra and the vigorous direction of Dr. Stiedry, were factors worthy of preservation. In content, the symphonies are lyrical and robust, and richly endowed with the best Haydn mannerisms. They may take a place next to Nos. 88 in G major and 102 in B flat. Besides, they evidence Haydn's ever searching eye for structural change, as the finale of No. 80 is far off the beaten path.

DELIUS is a composer who should be recorded, if solely to perpetuate a certain important development in English music,

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The Record Review

the English temperament dealing with the materials of impressionism. But to record three volumes of his music is just about overdoing it. Surely the contents of the current set — *Appalachia* (variations on an old slave song), closing scene from *Hassan*, intermezzo from *Irmelin*, and "La Calinda" from *Koanga* — fail to warrant such elaborate display. For all of the superb performance and Beecham's devotion, the music is treacly and dull. But for the *Irmelin* intermezzo, whose presence is justified, Delius' more flattering contributions are not in Society Set, vol. 3.

LOEFFLER to Bostonians was a legend. Musicians flocked to his Medford barn to make music and imbibe his personality. For he was a man who loved music and worked tirelessly at it. This quartet, composed in 1923 and dedicated to the memory of an American aviator who fell in the last war, is not one of his better works, for it is a cross between Brahmsian romanticism and French impressionism and therefore hardly a treat to one's ears. However, the Coolidge Quartet gives it an opulent, polished performance, and the mechanical end of the recording is lustrous.

THE Hindemith Sonata is one of the composer's early works, but its originality is nevertheless striking. Its melodic invention, somber harmonies, and rhythmic vitality command immediate attention, though the listener will find the music songful, meditative, and eloquent. Beginning with a fantasy that establishes the mood for the entire Sonata, the work consists of a continual enlargement of the original musical idea. While the music is turbulent and wild in places, the fantasy element always prevails. This Sonata can well be the introduction to Hindemith for the novice, for it is comprehensible at the same time that it lays the foundation for the future hearing of more of Hindemith's music.

Mr. Primrose is now generally regarded as the finest contemporary violist, and Mr. Sanroma is a pianist hard to equal in performing new music. He has played the Sonata with the composer himself, learning the creator's intentions at first hand. Although I must rely on memory for the Hindemith and Sanroma performance in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a little more than a year ago, I do not think that the present performance is any the less inspiring. And, to guarantee interest in the set, the recording is spacious and brilliant.

ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER

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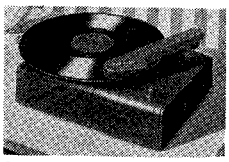

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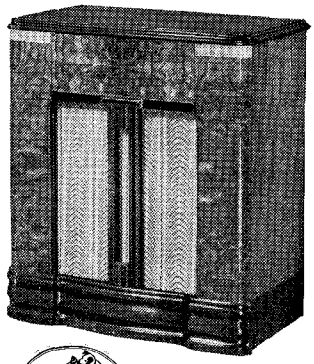

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Travel Briefs

by **HARRY J. PRICE**

SINCE spring *is* here at last and the annual where'll-we-go-this-year? germ is spreading its welcome virus, let's take the Island of Elba for a starter.

Elba has two claims to historic fame — its iron deposits, renowned since they supplied three hundred suits of armor for the Trojan War, and the greatness thrust on it as the only scrap of his empire the overthrown Napoleon could retain.

From a sizable slice of Europe, his great realm was reduced in 1814 to a single Mediterranean rock. Elba is the largest of the Tuscan archipelago group between Corsica and the northwest coast of Italy but, nevertheless, not much larger than the District of Columbia.

Napoleon once looked down on its whole extent from a mountain height and, commenting on the irregular red-and-green lump emerging abruptly from a turquoise sea, remarked dryly: "My island is somewhat small."

The Island's coastline suggests a spread eagle, with one wing closely clipped, and there are three mountain ridges within less than one hundred square miles. The slopes of the ridges bristle with evergreen shrubs, and are dotted with white villas of wealthy Italians and with weather-stained villages where live approximately twenty-five thousand natives.

DID you know that, according to Arab tradition, Abel, the unfortunate son of Adam and Eve, was buried among the bare crags outside Aden?

Aden is one of Britain's three great strategic passes, the others being Gibraltar and Suez, and came under British rule just one hundred years ago, following the mistreatment of some shipwrecked Britons by the local sultan. The town clings to the side of an extinct volcano, whose summit looms 1,800 feet above the sea, and rises hot and arid from its blue harbor. Vegetation, like rainfall, is scarce. Yet, with a hot sun bearing constantly down, there is a rare wild flower that grows in the crevices between the rocks. It is called the Aden lily and is a flower of real beauty.

The main function of the port is transshipment, and vessels from all parts of the world call at Aden.

The old caravan route is dead, and the once heavy demand for frankincense and myrrh is gone. Camels still march primly down the Hedjaz with coffee and skins. Aden itself produces salt and cigarettes.

For the mountain climber undaunted by the burning, crumbling surface of the volcanic rocks, there is plenty of room.

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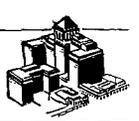

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by **HARRY J. PRICE**

If you haven't heard or read about it, the American merchant marine will be delighted to tell you about its latest addition, the Panama R. R. Steamship Company's new fleet leader, *Panama*.

Enthusiasm concerning the *Panama* is based on virtually all factors that go to make the perfect ship — lines, looks, performance, seaworthiness, comfort, and service. Praise and congratulations to her designers — George Sharp, noted naval architect, and Raymond Loewy, well-known interior decorator and recent winner of the Lord & Taylor one-thousand-dollar design prize — are being extended lavishly.

On her recent shakedown cruise from Boston to New York, the *Panama* was acclaimed as "smokeless and sootless." This ought to make any passenger grateful, but imagine what it means to the ladies!

American-built from stem to stern, the *Panama* differs radically in many respects from conventional designs but most particularly in the matter of interior decoration. Mr. Loewy has proved — if nothing else — that the "colonial" style of interior design for ships is passé. The *Panama* is as modern as the San Francisco and New York expositions, tastefully and colorfully decorated, air-conditioned, and roomy.

The new vessel is one of three of the same type designed and built especially for tropical service. The *Ancon* and *Cristobal*, sister ships, will soon be put in service. Like the *Panama*, these will be equipped with the "smokeless-sootless" oil burners (another all-American feature) manufactured by Todd Combustion Equipment, Inc., of New York.

We hope you share our enthusiasm for these additions to the American merchant marine. We feel it is time the public in this country took some honest pride in the achievements of its maritime industry. The American maritime roster is an impressive one and growing steadily. It includes the U. S. Lines, Grace Line, United Fruit Company, Matson Steamship Com-

Exposition-minded visitors to the Pacific Coast this year should experience the glamour of the Great Southwest desert country and the subtropic beauty and historic charm of **San Diego,** where California began and Mexico begins on the "Harbor of the Sun."

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Travel Briefs

pany, and the American Presidents Line (to name only a few of the major ones), with vessels like the *Manhattan* and *Washington;* the *Santa Paula, Santa Elena, Santa Lucia,* and *Santa Barbara;* the *Talamanca, Veragua,* and *Chiriqui;* and the *Lurline* and *Monterey.* Soon it will be swelled by the *America,* the U. S. Lines' newest and most modern of vessels, now being fitted out for service. From this list and the new Panama R. R. Steamship liners you can choose to travel in any style or degree of luxury you please.

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IF you don't believe this one, you can count 'em; but in Timbuktu there are one hundred thousand storks. The population of the city is ten thousand. That means ten storks for every native. Maybe that's the trouble!

NOW explain this one: Every day, six million tons of water flow from the River Jordan into the Dead Sea, which has no outflow. Yet the level of the sea never rises!

OF course it's quite a jump from the Dead Sea to the Caribbean, but we've suddenly thought of a get-rich-quick idea.

For there's a standing belief in Jamaica — my favorite vacationland — that, when the Spaniards fled before the British, many years ago, they buried most of their wealth in gold, silver, and jewelry, hidden in huge jars.

Pirates also are supposed to have buried their loot in similar jars, but they took extraordinary precautions to keep their hiding places a secret, killing one or two persons on the spot in order that their ghosts would watch over the treasure and frighten away fortune hunters!

Even if you're not frightened, isn't that enough to jar you?

NEXT time you're on one of those swell Caribbean cruises and pass near St. Vincent — 250 miles north off the coast of Venezuela — you can think of candies, desserts, puddings, biscuits, gravies, soups, and sauces. Not that they grow on trees or anything like that but because St. Vincent is the leading producer of arrowroot, widely used as an invalid and baby food and by housewives and cooks.

The island also is rich in history. Its botanic garden, oldest in the New World, was established in 1763, and it was to obtain breadfruit-tree specimens for this garden in 1787 that the British naval vessel *Bounty* sailed to the South Seas, where the famous mutiny occurred. Eventually, Captain Bligh of the *Bounty* brought back to St. Vincent 530 choice specimens.

It was an effort to provide the St. Vincent Negroes with cheap food that led to the importation of breadfruit trees, but, in spite of the high cost of importing flour, the Negroes still preferred bread from ovens to that from trees. As a matter of fact, boiled or baked breadfruit is a toothsome dish.

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Next Month

and later

THE EX-INSANE REVOLT

Greer Williams

A hangover from the days when the mentally unbalanced were regarded with the same horror as lepers is the morbid prejudice which still clings to former inmates of asylums. But today many of these "ex-insane" have been cured by purely physical therapy! Is it fair or logical to keep a great gulf between a schizophrenic who has been made normal by insulin injections and a diabetic who is kept alive by the same drug? The ex-insane say no, and in Illinois they have organized a society to combat this prejudice on a nationwide front.

HAS KANSAS CITY GONE CRAZY?

Edward R. Schauffler

Kansas City has tolerated — nay, enjoyed — the expensive pleasures of municipal corruption under Boss Pendergast for many years, but quantities of grit have suddenly appeared in the delicate works of his slick machine. Mr. Schauffler, who is inclined to be cynical about the potentialities of Kansas Cityans for good government, attempts to analyze recent developments in the City and State in the light of that long history of complacent inertia.

ADVICE IS NIX

Santa Adams

The author draws on her own experience to show that, however wise and helpful your friends may wish to be, your affairs are still your own and you must inevitably make or break your ventures in living by the wisdom of your own decisions and the courage with which you execute them.

THE LAW IS THE BUNK

Fred Rodell

"In tribal times there were the medicine men. In the Middle Ages there were the priests. Today there are the lawyers." Thus Mr. Rodell begins this essay, in which he deplores "the chasm between ordinary human thinking and the mental processes of the lawyer"

THE WOMEN MEN MARRY

Shailer U. Lawton

A noted psychologist regards with astonishment and trepidation the social conventions which have made it happily normal for a man to choose a wife by any process except the exercise of what intelligence and logic he may possess.

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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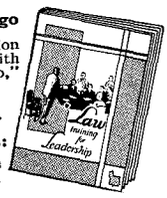

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INTRODUCTION TO ARGENTINA — Alexander Wilbourne Weddell (Greystone, $3.00).

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THE period between the great Wall Street crisis and the present war crisis is crammed with about as much significance as any historian has ever had to record and comprehend. The spirited Beards, Charles and Mary, have not allowed either the immediacy or the magnitude of the subject to frighten them away from completing Volume III of their *Rise of American Civilization*. So closely, indeed, does their evaluation follow on the heels of events as to give their latest large book, *America in Midpassage*, almost a pamphleteering air. As a general rule, partisanship increases in direct ratio to the nearness of the observer to a good scrap, and the Beards are no exception.

Their incisive analyses of finance, unemployment, the Supreme Court show all the fire and sweep that have won them so large a following among lovers of history. On other counts, an undertone of special pleading brings a novel note into their work. Apparently isolationist, they have created a mood critical of President Roosevelt's peace efforts, for example — efforts which are opposed not only by anti-New Deal Democrats and Republicans but, more disturbingly, by Hitler as well.

America in Midpassage is a history clearly revealing the authors' likes and dislikes. A surprising amount of space is given to the elements of flux and friction that mark the small world of the Left, and with some of the dissidents the Beards appear willing to go part way — excepting always those who are congenial to Mr. Browder and his fellow Marxists.

But the contentious note in this volume happily does not prevail to the exclusion of its considerable calm usefulness. Valuable chronicles of events in the realm of science, literature, amusement round out the study. These chapters are field notes of a naturalist roaming alertly in the lush recent growth of American intelligence. Laboratory study of the specimens collected will wait for a more leisured time, but the thrill of being deftly reminded of books, events, scandals, achievements we once knew at first hand is there.

Altogether the book is like a reunion. The America that has swirled around us for ten years comes vividly forward in our memories. It is like seeing old friends again, and seeing how great a difference in our attitudes a few years can make. Taking sides as it does in situations which are not yet resolved, this essay in understanding our times will inevitably command attention — and not simply because of the Beards's canny choice of exciting data and animated points of view. Their book has a literary quality rare in these days when events make the chronicle of events seem pale by comparison.

CURIOUS as it may seem, Saul K. Padover's *Life and Death of Louis XVI* is the first full biography ever to be written about that unhappy king. Historians have neglected him, probably because they never took the trouble to examine the notion that he was little better than an imbecile.

Louis was, in fact, not stupid — only born into the wrong family. He who had the misfortune to inherit the crown was by nature a good petit bourgeois, at a time when the rest of the petty bourgeoisie had to destroy what the crown stood for. Kindly, liberal, a skilled locksmith, incapable of political scheming, he never until the last hysterical days before his execution lost the love of the French people. Although they hated the court and the Queen — and with good reason — the republicans of Paris knew the King was truly one of them. Most of them in his place would have acted as he did.

And so, because he couldn't reform his hopelessly corrupt aristocracy nor live quietly by his hunting or his locksmithing trade, Louis resigned himself to overeating and sleeping soundly even in the midst of revolution. There is something both grand and pathetic in the picture of this burly, dejected monarch who was, in a really dramatic sense, his own worst enemy.

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SAMUEL BUTLER once said that what the world needed was a machine called an "asinometer" — a handy little gadget for measuring our follies and mistakes. We can't give you exactly that but we can recommend the next thing to it — a book of tests that will tell you more about your peculiarities and weaknesses and the inner man generally than you ever knew before.

In *See Yourself as Others See You*, David Seabury has devised a sort of home psychoanalyzer. It can be worked as a measure of the reader's own personality and problems or as an aid in evaluating friends, enemies, customers, sweethearts. The ingenious part of it is that the questions seem as nearly foolproof as a smart psychologist can make them. Knowing that every one exaggerates his virtues and faults, Mr. Seabury has put cleverly concealed equalizers into the tests to make the total score come out about right.

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AT first glance, *Fighting for Life* seems a pretty belligerent title for so serene a book as S. Josephine Baker's autobiography. But, for all her retrospective calm, those three words describe most of Dr. Baker's long, active career.

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Thirty-one years ago she established and headed New York City's Child Hygiene Bureau, the first of its sort in the world. Her job was to keep babies alive — the thousands of babies that, according to New York's scandalously high infant-mortality figure, were scheduled to die from preventable disease or lack of proper care. She knew the figure could be cut; she herself had slashed it in one slum district where she worked as a health officer. And so, with tact, resourcefulness, energy, she started her successful crusade for children.

The difficulties were almost unbelievable. Besides battling ignorance and poverty in the youngsters' families, she had to outmaneuver endless official stupidity. Throughout his term, Mayor Hylan hounded her — for reasons that remained a mystery till she discovered he had mistaken her for someone else whom he disliked. And all the while she was obliged to deal with flank attacks on her right as a woman to practice medicine and hold an executive post.

Fortunately, though she lost skirmishes now and then, she made her Bureau a stronghold famous round the world. She did it completely without sentiment, through mother wit and an unfailing gentle humor. Since she writes much as she worked, her story is as impressive as the record of her achievement. Although they may never hear of her or read her life, at least a hundred thousand New Yorkers owe their lives to her valiant pioneering in public health.

A NEW publishing venture, designed to increase the reading of serious books, is The Peoples Library, a series of sixty-cent volumes well-printed and bound in cloth.

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tion of brief biographies, by Allan Seager; *Who Are These Americans?* by Paul B. Sears; and *The Attractive Home*, by Lydia Powel.

THERE are two kinds of travel books — one that deliberately makes a strange land seem as strange as possible, and another devoted to giving the reader a comfortable feeling of familiarity. Of this second sort is *Introduction to Argentina*, by Alexander Wilbourne Weddell.

As our ambassador to Argentina, the author has himself been made pleasantly welcome there. The great haciendas, with their Gaucho tradition, have shown him the romantic side of the country. In the mountains he discovered the thrill of exploration. In the capital and larger cities he found a culture and easy way of life as attractive as any in Europe.

The astonishing thing is that the title of Mr. Weddell's book must be so accurate. An introduction to the country is really necessary, and the author has done his task with urbanity and charm.

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JAZZ of the *hot* kind is just beginning to come into its own among the public at large, as a result of the sudden native interest in "swing." "Swing" to the musician is a bastard term, but the subject matter to which it applies is an old form, the real jazz which musicians have been playing for themselves since the first decade of this century.

Jazz is an indigenous American product, stemming from Negro folk music and spirituals, and in the hands of the Negroes, who are among the most natural musicians on earth, it has become the genuine musical expression of America.

Wilder Hobson discusses this remarkable, autonomous art in his study of American jazz music. Mr. Hobson treats jazz historically, anatomically, and aesthetically, with the result that his book becomes the indispensable handbook for one who wants to *listen to* as well as *hear* jazz music.

In a chapter called "The Jazz Language," Mr. Hobson projects his fundamental thesis: that jazz results from a player's or group of players' feelings. This is aesthetic truth, and it shows that in jazz exists the cardinal function of all arts: the expression in a medium of the feelings of the creator. The reason that hot jazz is so compelling an art is that the feelings engendering it are basic and simple.

American Jazz Music is a clear, intelligent, relevant, and helpful book.

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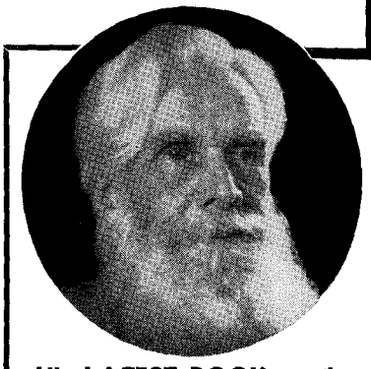

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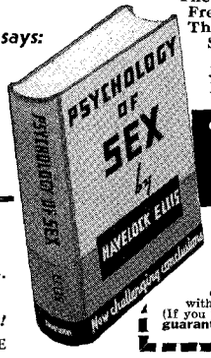

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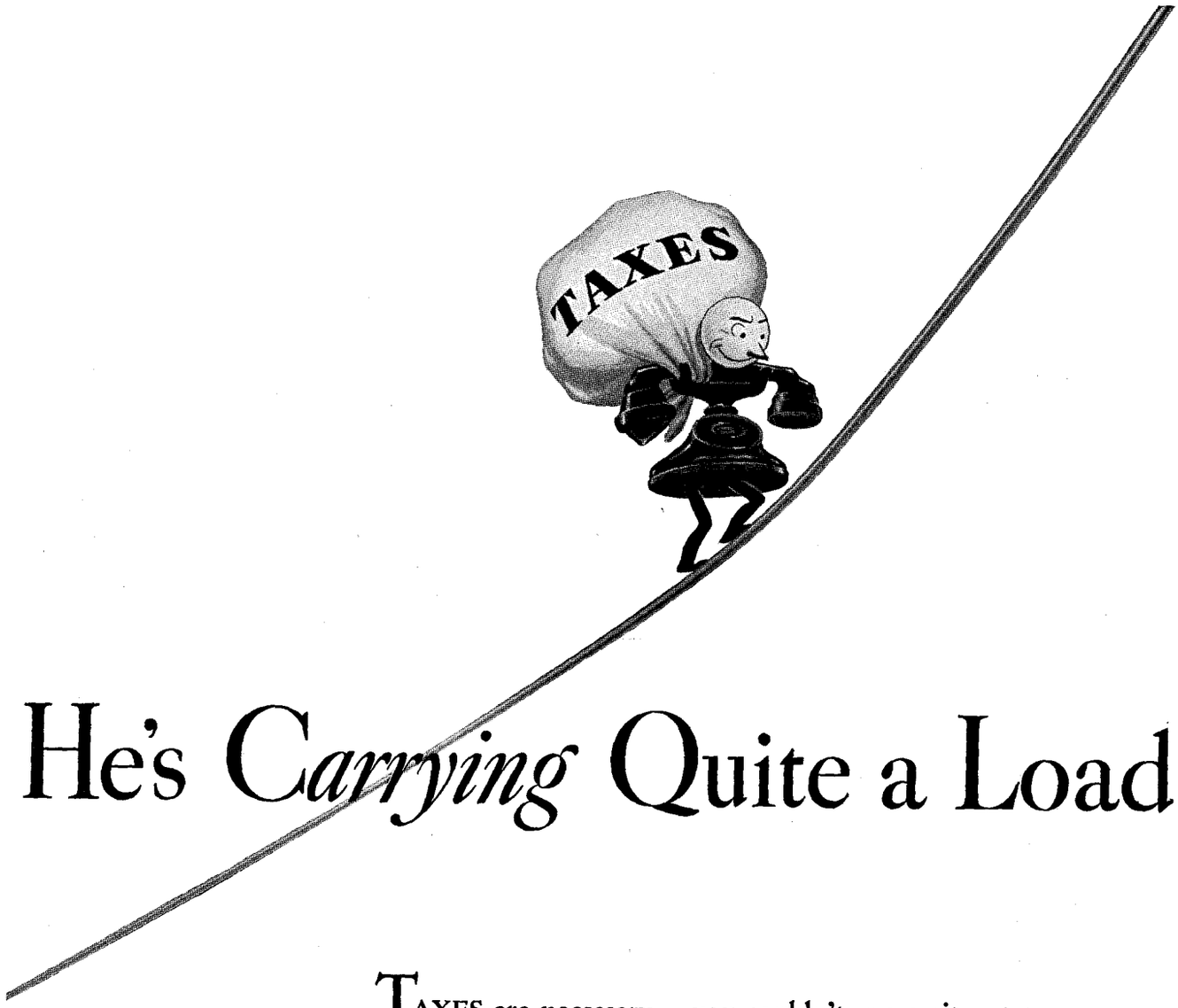

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